The Bystander, September 21, 1921

No. 929. Vol. LXXI.

The BYSTANDER

BY HUGH WILLIAMS

GOOD-BYE, SUMMER

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). Twice Nightly at 2.30 and 7.45.
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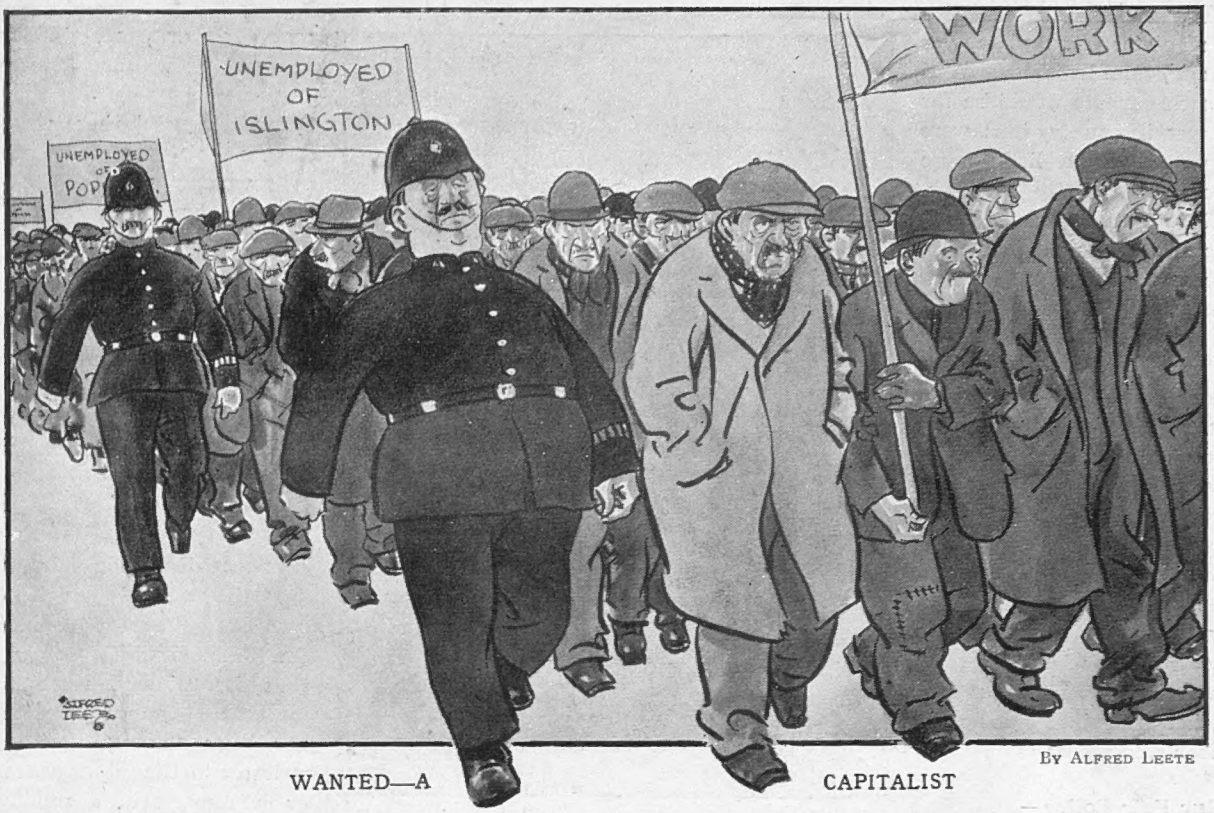


WANTED—A CAPITALIST

By Alfred Leete

Bystander Comments

"Third-Class Return, Inverness"

One cannot but admire the *flair* for publicity possessed by London's Labour Mayors. The unemployment problem has been a pressing one, unfortunately, for more than a few months. On the other hand, the Prime Minister has been on holiday in Scotland for a fortnight or so. And yet it has, apparently, only just occurred to the Labour Mayors that a personal visit to the Premier might be of some use. So they announce their intention of going to Inverness, third-class, over-night, staying 2½ hours, and returning in the afternoon. This in order to approach the Premier upon a subject they might, quite easily, have seen him about a month ago by merely paying third-class Tube fares to Westminster!

Church and Chaplin

I am always glad to find myself in agreement with a Bishop. Just now it is with the Bishop of Chelmsford. At a meeting held recently in connection with the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, the Bishop drew attention to the very self-evident fact that while the "most meagre" reports were given in the Press of that great Conference, which represented thirty millions of people, "they got columns and columns about Charlie Chaplin." "This," said his Lordship, "is a most significant comment on the position of Christian thought." With certain reservations, I agree with the Bishop. What, then, are his Lordship and the Methodist Ecumenical Conference going to do about it? It is up to them—not to "Charlie Chaplin" or the Press.

Following the Leader

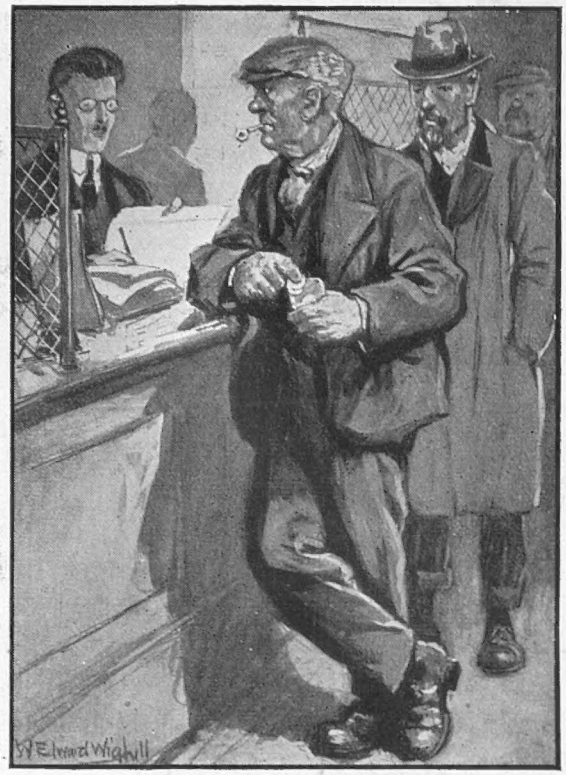
I feel sure that there is some sort of a moral to be drawn from, or some subtle application to be made of, the action of that flock of sheep which followed their leader through the plate-glass window of the ladies' costumier's shop in Upper Street, Islington, the other day. If it had been any other kind of shop one would not have been made to think so furiously. And then, a day or two later, another flock of sheep followed their leader through the plate glass window of a lady's shop in Norfolk Street, King's Lynn. What are these sheep up to? Ladies have long been said to follow fashions like a flock of sheep; are these protesting, or trying to point a moral, or what? I leave it to you.

The Sharrabang

Quite a long time ago now The Bystander was one of the first, and the most outspoken, of the critics of Sharrabang Hooliganism. It is, therefore, all the more pleasing towards the end of the holiday season, to be able to bear evidence to the tremendous change for the better that has been made in a year. The sharrabang to-day is performing its legitimate work, taking decent people about the country in a decent fashion. Something of the rowdy element still remains in places, but that will soon disappear. The bottle-thrower is a dangerous pest, but perhaps more thoughtless than vicious. He was commoner on the railways, as many an

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

unfortunate platelayer knew, than he is now. And bottle carriers would be far fewer if country inns were treated with a little more commonsense by the law. The great fault of the sharrabang to-day is its size. It is too big for the great majority of country roads. This summer I have seen sharrabangs waiting at the corner of a side-road for a fellow-car in the same service coming from the opposite direction—the side-road not being wide enough to allow of them passing each other on it. This may be all very well for cars in the same service, running to time, but it suggests horrible possibilities for other full-sized traffic on such side-roads.



By W. E. Wigfull

THE REGULAR CUSTOMER

"Say, young feller, can't you send it through the Post next week, as I'm thinking of going out of Tahn?"

Our Fair Police—

I see that a morning paper, which originally advocated the establishment of women police in London, has now come to the conclusion that the work they do was as well done by private enterprise, and, therefore, London might well save the £30,000 a year that they cost. I do not pretend to know anything about the lady police, but, if they are to be retained, I do hope they will make the poor dears a bit more picturesque—their helmets don't suit them, their boots are generally shocking, and their costume altogether has a very dowdy effect. This is not fair.

—and Companionship

But London's policewomen have one advantage over some of their colleagues in the country. At least they have the company of their own sex. At Yarmouth, I see, the Watch Committee is much perturbed about their one policewoman. They have been petitioned to appoint a second, but for financial reasons feel that the time is not opportune. To make proper accommodation for policewomen would cost £200 or £300. This was a stern argument. But one member of the Committee said there was danger of the present policewoman resigning unless she had a colleague, and another urged that it was gravely difficult for her to hold such a position alone. Sympathy for the lonely policewoman won the day, and Yarmouth, whether it can afford them or not, is going to have a pair.

"Naughty Sussex"—

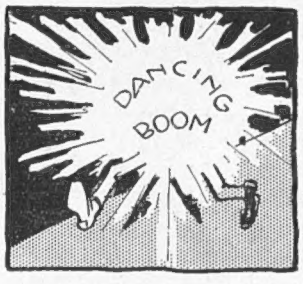
The discussion about the alleged naughtiness of "Sussex-by-the-Sea"—some of its towns, that is to say, reminds me that I cannot remember ever having noticed a letter in the newspapers or a remark in a public speech claiming the *reverse* of this quality on behalf of any provincial city. What I mean is this: If a town may be said to be "naughty," in the excess of the average, it naturally follows that there must be *some* which are "unco' guid"! And if that is so, would it not be natural to suppose that their inhabitants, or frequent visitors, would not be averse to advertising the fact? Posters, don't you know—"Come to Holy Hull-on-Humber: It is so Spiritual!"

—and "Virtuous Ventnor"

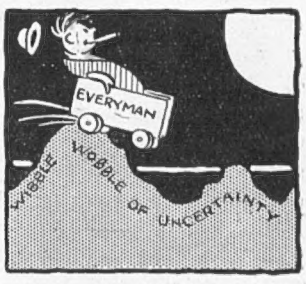
What's the matter with "Virtuous Ventnor Gives you Vim," or "Saxmundham's Soulful Sundays; Special Saturday-night Trains for Sinners"? These are only two or three suggestions, casually thrown out, as it were. I feel sure that the advertising departments of the boroughs concerned would be able to work out the details of a really good campaign which would attract visitors in large numbers to their virtuous vicinities.

This too, too solid earth—one hears—is now eight thousand million years; yet doesn't feel the least bit old—it gallops like a three-year-old

While Mother Eve had but one dress to cover up her nakedness, this lady has three hundred frocks—and twice as many socks with clocks

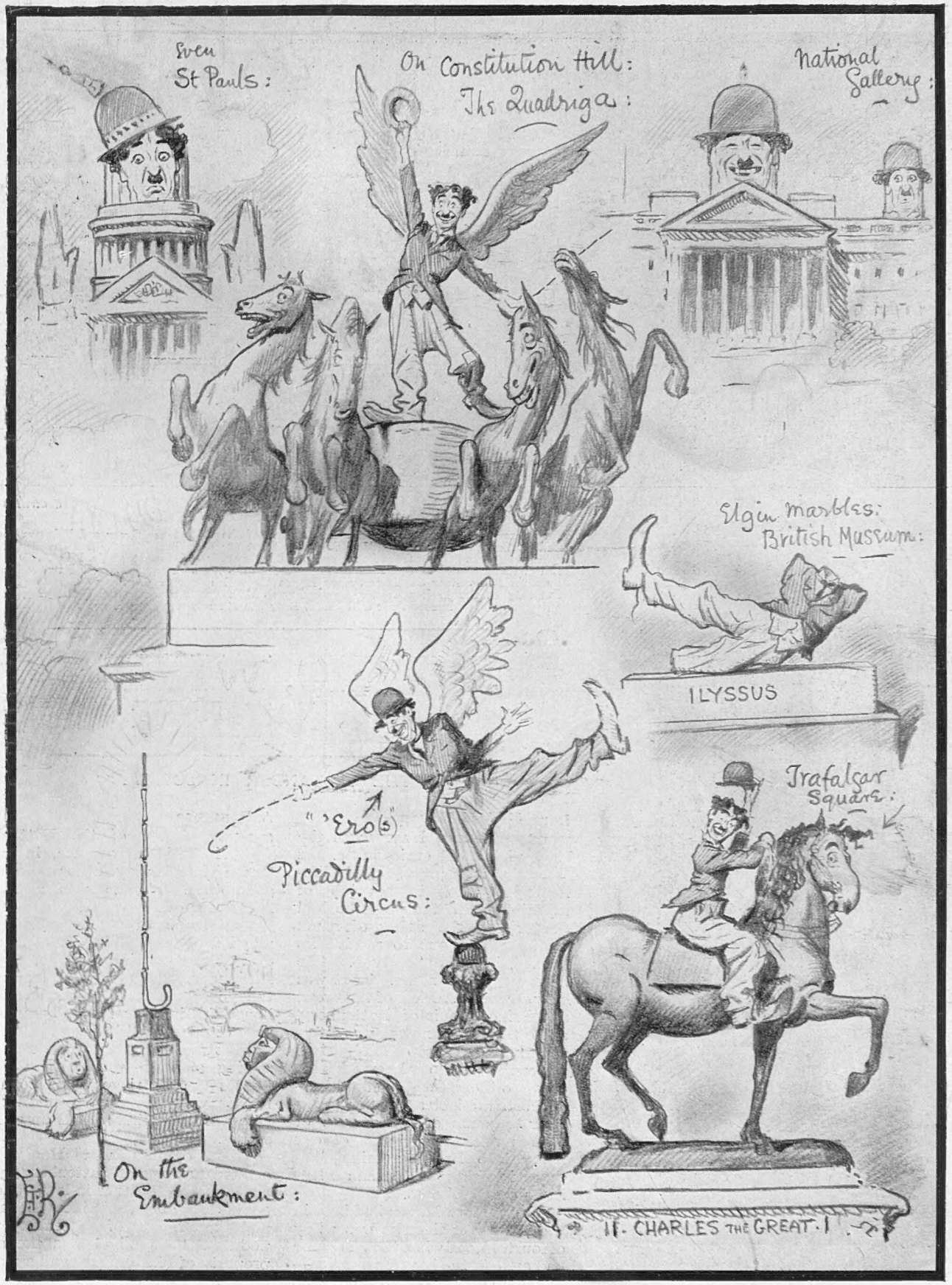


The fashion now must change its vogue from hobnail mountain boot and brogue to meet the need of jazz and jumps which cry for patent leather pumps



By Victor Hicks

You see, without the aid of rhyme, one must keep moving all the time, for fortune brings its smiles and frowns, and life is full of ups and downs



BY E. T. REED

SO MANY THINGS IN LONDON SEEM TO HAVE ALTERED LATELY—SOMEHOW

Photograph *Central News*

ROYALTY AT BRECHIN CASTLE

An interesting photograph taken on the occasion of the visit of the Queen and Princess Mary to Lady Dalhousie at Brechin Castle. Seated in front are Lady Jean Ramsay and the Hon. Simon Ramsay. Then, reading from left to right, will be seen Mrs. Lindsay Carnegie, Miss A. Cavendish, Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon, Countess of Dalhousie, H.M. the Queen, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Princess Mary, Lady Cranborne, Lady Moyra Cavendish and the Dowager Countess of Airlie. Standing at the back are: Sir Derek Keppel, Lord Cranborne, General Willoughby, Captain Ramsay, Sir Hill Child, Lady Ida Ramsay and Lord Ramsay

Photograph *C. Vandyk, Ltd.*

A CHARMING BRIDE-ELECT

Mlle. Marie Louise Blanc, eldest daughter of Mme. Irene Procopie, Lady-in-Waiting to H.M. the Queen of Roumania. Her marriage with Captain P. G. Bateman, London Irish Rifles and R.A.F., will take place at Sinaia, Roumania, the summer residence of the Royal family, on the 25th inst.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Lord Milford Haven

LORD MILFORD HAVEN was the victim of a curious fate. At the moment when his life-long absorption in his job of sailoring, when the years he had devoted to the study of naval tactics was about to receive its reward, he was "shelved." He bore a German name. That was enough for a section of the Press, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, as he then was known, was literally hounded into resignation, although everybody knew that his order to the Fleet to "stand by" at Portland instead of dispersing after the summer manœuvres of 1914 made the passage of our Army into France possible, because it held the German Fleet in its own harbours.

Lord Milford Haven had been in the Navy ever since he was a boy of fourteen, and when the War came had seen forty-six years service—but that counted for nothing. The insensate clamour against him broke his heart. He never complained of the forces brought to bear upon him to leave the Navy, but those who knew him best realised how acutely he suffered.

A Romance

THE history of the Battenberg Princes is a romance, in which Queen Victoria played the part of fairy godmother. There was a Prince Alexander of Hesse, a brother of the Grand Duke of Hesse, whose son married Queen Victoria's beloved daughter, the Princess Alice. Prince Alexander, following a fashion amongst the younger sons of his grand-ducal house, fell in love with, and married, a lady of non-Royal birth, the Countess von Hauke. Under the rule then prevailing amongst the German Royal houses the marriage was recognised, but it was morganatic—neither the wife nor the children had any Royal status.

The Countess von Hauke was created Princess of Battenberg by her grand-ducal brother-in-law, and a Serene Highness. Prince Alexander and the Princess of Battenberg were poor. All they had was the small property of Heiligenberg and a meagre appanage from the grand-ducal purse. The outlook in Germany for their four sons was meagre in the extreme. The Court at Berlin looked upon the morganatic issue of small Royal houses as being little removed from illegitimacy. Besides, all the House of Hesse

was in deep disfavour at Berlin because the Grand-Duchy had sided with Austria in the brief war that ended at Sadowa. Berlin sneered openly at the title of Serene Highness conferred upon the Princess of Battenberg and her children.

Fortune and the Favour of Majesty

In the intimacy of Royal circles a morganatic marriage is no bar. Thus, Princess Alice, after her marriage to the Hereditary Grand-Duke of Hesse, came to know his Battenberg cousins, and it was through her they were first brought to the notice of Queen Victoria.

Louis, the eldest (Lord Milford Haven), entered the English Navy on the direct suggestion of the Majesty of

Photograph *Yevonde*

MISS DORIS ROBSON

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Robson, whose engagement is announced to Capt. A. H. Harris, M.C., A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India. He is the son of Major-General G. F. A. Harris

England. Alexander, the second son, became Prince of Bulgaria—to the rage and fury of Bismarck—through the support of Queen Victoria. The third son, Prince Henry, married the Queen's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice. An amazing record for a morganatic house!

Fortune Turns Down Her Thumbs

The three brothers each had good looks, fine, commanding figures, and great charm. But Fortune, who carried them so high and so far, turned down her thumbs upon them. Lord Milford Haven's brilliant naval career closed in unmerited distrust and idleness. After seven years of brave struggle Alexander was driven from the throne of Bulgaria by Austrian and Russian intrigue. Henry, chafing under cruel criticism, insisted on joining the Ashanti Expedition, and died of fever.

Bismarck was the bitter enemy of what he used to call the "Battenberg brood," but his enmity was bred of the favour Queen Victoria showered upon them, and he never forgave her for the point she scored when Alexander of Battenberg was placed on the Bulgarian throne.

Queen Victoria's influence was always said to have been at the back of the happy marriage of Lord Milford Haven to her granddaughter, the daughter of Princess Alice and sister of the tragically fated Tsarina. The Battenberg history is curiously interesting—and it is just as sad.

Photograph *Keystone*

A SOCIETY WEDDING

Captain A. G. C. Bidie, 10th Indian Lancers, and his bride (formerly Miss Madeleine Bent), leaving the Brompton Oratory after the ceremony

Lady Howard de Walden's Accident

Accidents don't happen very often during cubbing, and Lady Howard de Walden's unhappy spill seems to have been due entirely to a slippery, tarred road. They are bad enough at any time, but when a horse comes straight from soft ground on to their glazed surface he is apt to suffer much in the same manner as the *prétendus* for the princess's hand in the fairy

Photograph *Russell and Sons*

A FAMILY GROUP WITH A PATHETIC INTEREST

On the left, the present Marquis of Milford Haven with the Marchioness and their daughter, Lady Tatiana Mountbatten. In the back row are the Grand Duke Michael, the late Marquis of Milford Haven and Major Wernher. Seated in front, beside the Marchioness, are Countess Torby and her granddaughter, Miss Georgina Wernher, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven with Earl Medina, and Lady Zia Wernher with Master Alexander Wernher

story who had to climb a glass staircase. They slipped to destruction: so does the horse and its rider.

Speaking of tarred roads, an old hunting friend of mine tells me they have deprived the sport of one of its charms. The quiet jog home along the roads after the run, with the certainty of buttered muffins and a hot bath at the end, was one of the pleasantest things of the day—all the pleasanter, too, if there was a nice Someone to jog along with you who thought you as nice as you thought her. Dear me, the hearts that have been exchanged across horses' necks on those homeward joggings!

But you can't jog now. A shower, perhaps a touch of frost, and the tarred road turns the erstwhile pleasant return into a series of agitating sideslips, and you feel yourself lucky if you can hand your mount over to the groom with whole knees.

However, you can't have your cake and eat it too! We don't like dust when we are motoring, we don't like to pay heavy rates for the repair of untarred roads, so unless we are lucky and live in a country with grass stretches on either side of the highway we must put up with sliding instead of jogging home after hunting.

Who Said It?

I CAN'T tell you who said this. Perhaps it was the wife of one of the many American multi-bulties who are sweeping all before them just now. I'm sure it wasn't a *demoiselle* of the chorus because such pleasant trifles don't come their way nowadays. "Good wine, we know, needs no bush, but a diamond necklace makes a good woman feel a great deal better."

Capitalism and Charlie Chaplin

WE are living in the most amazing times. Charlie Chaplin has made a fortune of half a million, so it is said. It is likewise said that he earns an income of £150,000 a year.

He comes to England and is *fêté* by Press and public as no hero of the War was ever *fêté*. Of course, we have to admit that War heroes had no publicity agents, and that a publicity agent is as essential to a cinema star as his coat or his trousers.

But here, to me, is the odd thing. Charlie Chaplin is a bloated capitalist according to all Trade Union, Socialist, and Communist axioms. Now, if he had made his fortune, and was making his large income through the manufacture, say, of babies' bottles, hardware or beetle-powder, a manufacture which gave wages and livelihood to hundreds of men and their families, would the Ritz Hotel have been mobbed during his visit? Would anybody have cared a twopenny blow where he lived in Kennington or anywhere else? Of course they wouldn't.

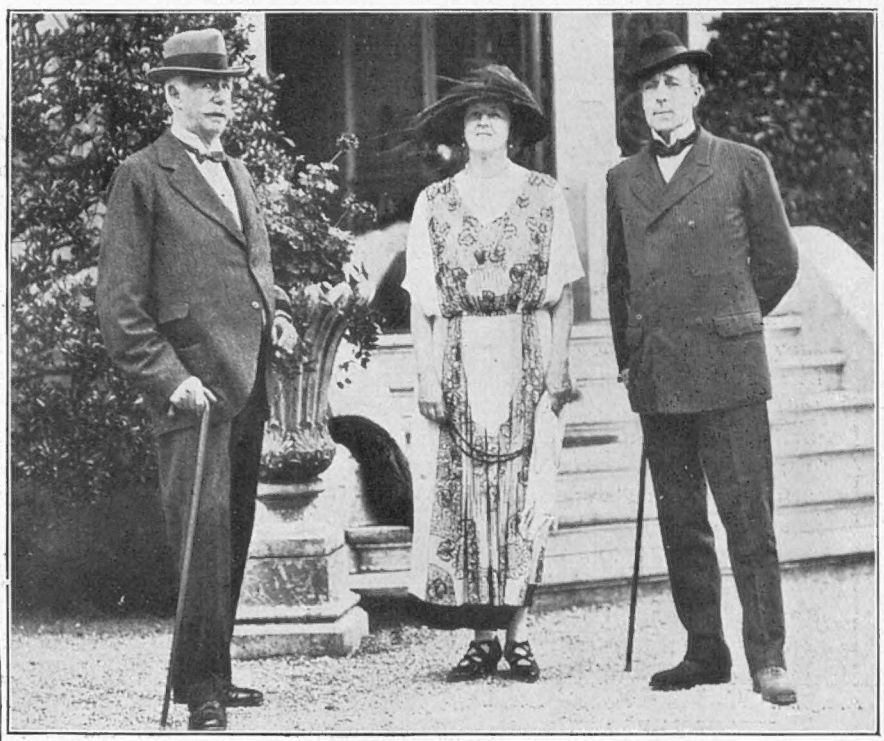
Yet because he has given the world so much honest amusement the very people who would destroy the "capitalist" admire him all the more for what he has made. It is an illuminating commentary on Socialism, Communism, Marxism. If you make a fortune by turning out your toes, and that fortune benefits the world only by your personal expenditure, you are an international hero. If you make a fortune and invest it in industry that gives employment to hundreds, perhaps thousands, you are merely a "capitalist," and fair game for abuse and spoliation!

It's odd, very odd, but you must agree with me it is true, and here's a little *histoire vrai* that proves it. There were two brothers. One was a great singer known to all of you. The other was a manufacturer of linoleum. The singer brother made a fortune of

Photograph *Langfier*

MR. HENRY MARTIN SNOW, M.V.O.

On whom the King of Italy has just conferred the Cross of the Order of SS. Maurizio e Lazzero. He is Agent-General of the Compagnie des Wagons-Lits and the distinguished holder of many decorations, was one of the pioneers of the Pullman Company in England, and is held in high esteem in the railway world



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF NORTHBROOK WITH LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE
At Aix-les-Bains

Photograph *Sport and General*

SOCIETY AT AIX-LES-BAINS
The Countess of Granard and Lady de Trafford

£40,000 by his voice. Beyond his accompanist and his secretary, his salary and his income supported nobody except himself and his family.

His brother, who made linoleum, after years of unceasing labour had gathered together £25,000. But that sum was invested in his business which gave employment to 315 men. Strikes and Trade Union enactments have closed his factory. His fortune has vanished into the air.

Some More Pleasant Recollections

MR. RALPH NEVILL, the son of the delightful Lady Dorothy Nevill, whom her friends still miss so sadly, has some very pleasing little stories in his new book, *Mayfair and Montmartre*. Here is one, which some of the older folk will doubtless remember.

The band one day at Windsor was playing a medley. One tune so pleased the Queen that she asked for its repetition, and then demanded its name. "Only after some hesitation did the official whom she entrusted with this investigation pluck up courage coyly to murmur, 'Come Where the Booze is Cheaper.'"

Photograph *Alfieri*

AT THE ROMSEY AGRICULTURAL AND HORSE SHOW

(Left to right): Mrs. Fullerton, Lady Farnham, Hon. Verena Maxwell, Constance, Duchess of Westminster, Hon. Marjory Maxwell, Lady Mary Grosvenor. Lord Farnham is in the centre of the group behind

Here is another concerning the professional beauties of the 'seventies and 'eighties:

"One of them, while on a visit to Constantinople, it is said, so won the admiration of the Sultan that he conferred upon her the order of virtue—but, as some of her friends pointed out, it was only of the second class."

I like "as some of her friends pointed out," don't you?

WITH BEST WISHES

The famous ex-Premier of Greece, M. Venizelos, and his bride, formerly Mlle. Schillizzi, leaving the St. Pancras Town Hall Register Office on the 14th instant

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A PRETTY IRISH WEDDING

A pretty wedding at Booterstown Church, near Dublin. Alfred Hartinge Fetherstonhaugh, a District Inspector of the R.I.C., Dublin, and his bride, formerly Miss Edna Maud Smallbridge

Converted Houses

IT is astonishing the number of people who can be tucked away in big houses converted into flats. You can get as many as five flats into a big house which has a good depth. A woman of my acquaintance recently bought a big corner house in a square in the south-western district. The ground floor and the basement make one abode; the four floors above are turned into four self-contained flats. She lives in one herself, and the rents of the remaining flats will pay her back the capital expended in seven years, that is allowing for rates and taxes.

At Last

THIS old City of ours is beginning to stir itself in the matter of providing restaurants for its workers. The City man has always had difficulty in finding a place in which to lunch himself and his friends without spending the necessary time to go West. Ye Olde Dr. Butler's Head, which claims to hold the oldest licence in the City, has just been re-opened as a first-class restaurant in Mason's Avenue, Coleman Street. Its 300-year-old cellars are still intact, and, judging by the start it made last week, it looks like leading the way in filling a gap that has been widening for many years.

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Long walk accompanied by joyous dogs"

IN ENGLAND NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "Blanchette"

LONDON, *September* 19

DEAR COUSIN—

JUST been struggling with a severe attack of September gloom—autumn does have its melancholy moments, doesn't it, when the winds blow gustily through half-stripped woods or rain-soaked streets, and the sky's greyer than you'd have believed it could ever possibly be again after our record sunny summer? Though what really started *me* off was just going to stay with some quite maddeningly and depressingly super-cheerful people . . . "you know the sort—chatty at breakfast," as someone says in one of the lighter moments of that almost too thrilling thriller, *Out to Win*, at the Shaftesbury.

AND then, by way of a finishing touch, went to see the Grand Guignol show at the Little Theatre—from super-cheerfulness to super-gloom, and can't quite make up my mind which was the most completely devastating of the two! Of course, there are bright moments as well as horrors at the Guignol, and I do think that "eternal triangle" comedy by Mr. Crawshay-Williams (you know, the ex-M.P. man who once figured in a "romance" himself) is just about one of the most brilliant and amusing things to be discovered here in London now. But, oh! the black moments, too, of unrelieved frightfulness when the real Guignol-y part of it all properly gets going!

IS it really good for us in any sort of way, I wonder, to harrow us just for the sake of harrowing, so to speak? I mean, the lunatic women who put a girl's eyes out because they're jealous of her, and the lady who wakes up from a seven years' sleep just to die of grief because her children are dead—they don't seem to mean anything or have anything to do with ordinary life. Which, after all, I do think plays ought to, don't you, spite of all the "art for art's sake" people may say.

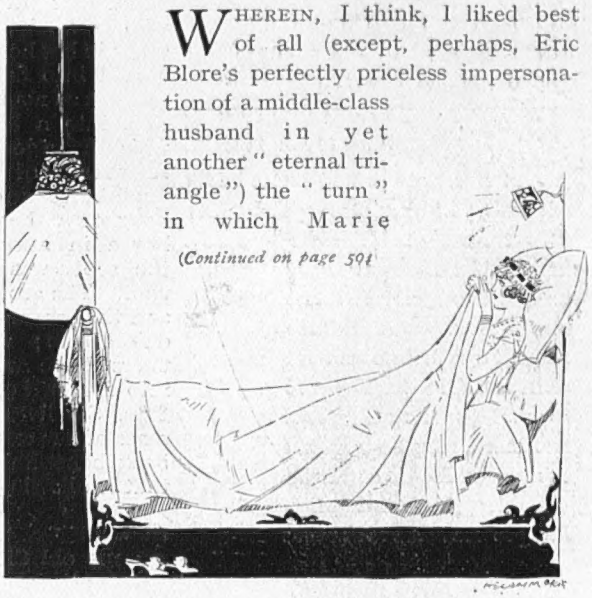
CAN'T see any object in these ones, anyway, except to make us feel positively awful—and there they certainly do succeed right up to the hilt and no error. Lost several nights' sleep myself over "The Old Women," and added *pounds* to the electric light bill by simply not *daring* to turn it out! Of course, the *bourgeois* does rather love to be *épaté*—to judge by the audiences at the Little Theatre, anyway—and (luckily for himself) doesn't often feel or imagine deeply enough to be carried right away by even the sheerest and starkest of stage-horrors. But I can't, somehow, think they're really and truly the slightest good to him or to any of us.

THERE are uglinesses enough in this world of ours without inventing fresh ones—what? I mean to say, doesn't seem any particular need to go out specially looking for them, does there? But I'm all for a quest after lovely things—there never can be too many of those. "Look for the silver lining," as they sing in *Sally* at the Winter Garden, and let the tragedies come along all by themselves without any outside assistance, as I'm rather afraid we can confidently rely on their doing sooner or later.

HAVE quite got over my fit of the glooms by now, though, thank you. Prescriptions for the cure being (1) long walk, accompanied by joyous dogs, over the hills and dales of a certain celebrated heath, in the rich soft warm September breeze that soothes one's troubled nerves better than any opiate that anyone ever thought of, and (2) visit to a perfectly foolish, utterly pointless, and entirely delightful and joyous show called *Ring Up*, as now being performed nightly at the Royalty Theatre.

WHEREIN, I think, I liked best of all (except, perhaps, Eric Blore's perfectly priceless impersonation of a middle-class husband in yet another "eternal triangle") the "turn" in which Marie

(*Continued on page 594*)



"Added pounds to the electric light bill by simply not *daring* to turn it out"

"The Frozen Limit"

Photographed with a Cooke lens

A wonderful photograph taken during the Shackleton Expedition of 1914. By the time this picture appears "The Quest," with its gallant little party of eighteen, will have started on its great adventure to the unknown

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

Blanche and Ivy St. Helier, with nothing but a piano to help them out, keep one amused for simply hours and hours singing about how they think "men are wonderful" and that sort of thing. Must say I do think *women* are wonderful—sometimes.

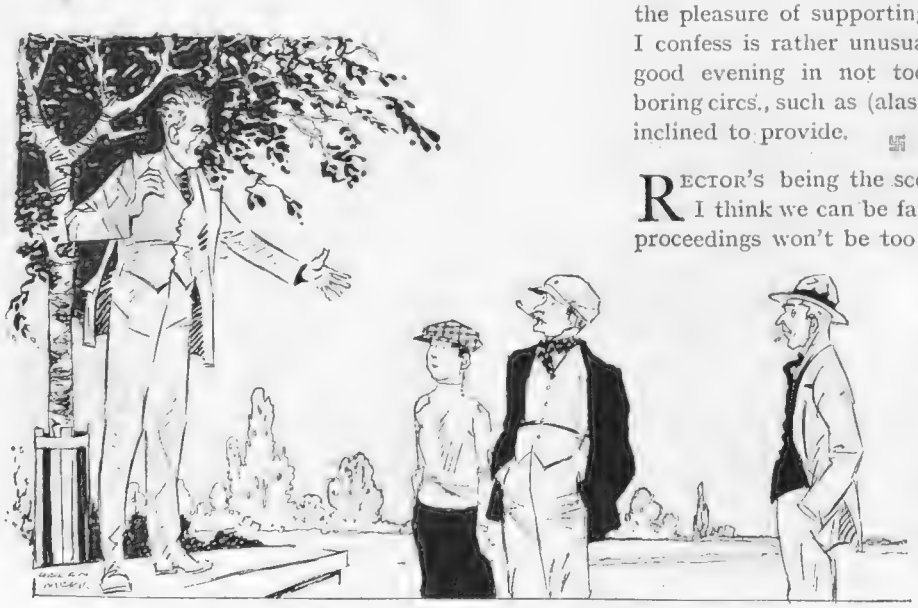
卐 卐

ESPECIALLY when they go shopping, these days of strange and wonderful prices for food and things, which seem to vary at every place you go into. Really is rather extraordinary, you know, the way they charge you different amounts for the same things at shops almost next door to each other—if only you're foolish enough to pay what they ask. Men would, of course, every time. But, fortunately, women have got a little more sen——I mean, they do rather meanly and grovellingly count the pence and even the halfpence that come out of the housekeeping money, don't they? And catch out the profiteering shopkeeper . . . well, not every time, but very nearly.

"Go shopping"

卐 卐

SOUNDS quite a little thing, doesn't it—the price of butter and bacon, and tea and cheese, and sugar and jam, and meat and bread, and that kind of thing? But, I suppose, that's, in the long run, what there's going to be a revolution over, if any. After all, if you talk about the ideal State and the betterment of man and the dawn of a new and brighter world till you're black in the face, you'll be quite lucky to get an audience of two men and a boy in Hyde Park or on Tower Hill or wherever it may be. But "the cost of living," as they call it—that really does strike home every time, even to the most un-revolutionary of us with the bath habit firmly ingrained and hair properly brushed, and not a single red tie in the family!



"An audience of two men and a boy"

SHOULDN'T altogether mind *something* in the revolution line, though, myself. Such lots of things I should like to revolute against—politics and profiteering, crowded streets, the noise of motor-buses, dull dinner parties, income tax at 6*s.* in the pound, boiled cod, stewed prunes, flannelette, and all the other things that make life ugly when it ought to be so beautiful. Would be rather nice, really, wouldn't it? to march about waving a red flag with "*À bas les bores*" on it, or words to that effect, and see that the seething mob under one's command did them in all right, too—the people, I mean, who prefer gold shares to golden sunsets, and Ethel M. Dell to Sheila Kaye-Smith, and the movies to the Russian Ballet, and money to the loveliest work of art, or nature, that ever was.

卐 卐

AND who rush in their thousands and their millions to greet (to put it mildly) Charlie Chaplin (whom I love dearly myself), but somehow didn't seem to throng around the railway stations in any great numbers when our own men, who had fought all through the War, came back here after facing all the hell of France and Flanders and Mesopotamia and places, instead of just the flick of the camera in far-away, safe America, in those fearful days that seem now so distant, when the souls and bodies of all the men we loved were tested through and through. . . .

卐 卐

NO use shouting "*À bas*" though, is it? "*En avant*" instead is surely much the better cry, what? And, by the way, while we *are* doing a bit of *avant*-ing, there is, *entre nous*, a really rather delightful dance coming on quite shortly—on November 16 to be exact—on behalf of disabled sailors and soldiers, where you can not only have the pleasure of supporting a good cause but (which I confess is rather unusual) really enjoy a perfectly good evening in not too utterly respectable and boring circs., such as (alas!) charity shows are rather inclined to provide.

卐 卐

RECTOR'S being the scene of the aforesaid revels, I think we can be fairly certain, what? that the proceedings won't be too *frightfully* dull, what with the famous Red Devils in full working order and exhibition dances and favours and things thrown in? And it's rather lovely, isn't it, to have a really good party and feel same time that you're doing somebody who deserves it some sort of good as well?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"Silent Service"

BY WILMOT LUNT

MISTRESS (*to new maid*): "Above all things, Jane, you must be reticent"
JANE: "Yes, mum—but what is there to be reticent about?"

SILENT WORKERS

BY THOMAS JAY

VERY little is known of the strange work done by some persons, says a morning paper (from which no secret is hidden), and very few realise that during this very hot weather artist-designers are busily engaged painting snow scenes and robin redbreasts for Christmas cards. This certainly seems to suggest the necessity to-day for a new book entitled "Silent and Unknown Workers of the World," with possibly a preface by Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. Devant. Such a book, however, would be entertaining and an ever ready help to authors. We append the following suggestions of silent workers we have unearthed.

ONE of the little-known occupations in this country is that of Currant Navigator. Every large Bun Foundry employs at least one navigator, whose duty it is to stand at a drilling-machine, drilling holes in buns, and once the hole is made much skill is required in navigating the currant into the hole. Should more than one currant penetrate the bun it has to be broken up and sold to defray expenses.

VERY few persons are aware of the interesting occupation known as that of Gillie on a haggis farm. His duty is that of watching the flocks on the haggis moors of Scotland and to keep poachers from trapping or shooting the haggis until Burns' Night.

ANOTHER strange occupation is that of Refill Superintendent of the Clearing House Section of the Railway Sandwich Works. His duties, as the title implies, is that of receiving the returned empty sandwiches and refilling them. After being upholstered the sandwiches are screwed into a vice and all rough edges filed off. After this they are heated to a nice orange heat and plunged into water to temper them.

THE duties of a Burglar's Costing Clerk are numerous, for, in addition to keeping the books, this loyal servant must keep a list of engagements and previous convictions, because it is considered a breach of etiquette for a burglar to break into the same house twice in one season.

ANOTHER strange occupation is that of Rejector to an Editor, for most editors. . . . (That will be quite enough, we think.—ED.)

"WHAT is the most troublesome age?" asks a contemporary. We suggest parent-age in these days of high prices.

* * * *

A NEW glass has been invented which, while admitting unlimited light, keeps out all heat. It should prove invaluable at Trades Union Conferences!

* * * *

I LEARN that as a direct result of getting the wrong number three times following on the telephone Miss Sybil Thorndike immediately set to work on another Grand Guignol—more grand and more Guignol than the rest—and the name of the thriller will be "Hades."

* * * *

"SCOTTISH Express Theft," we read. We expect the thief will have some little difficulty in disposing of his train.

* * * *

"GERMANY," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "believes that her future lies on the sea." Her past lies, of course, were ubiquitous!

* * * *

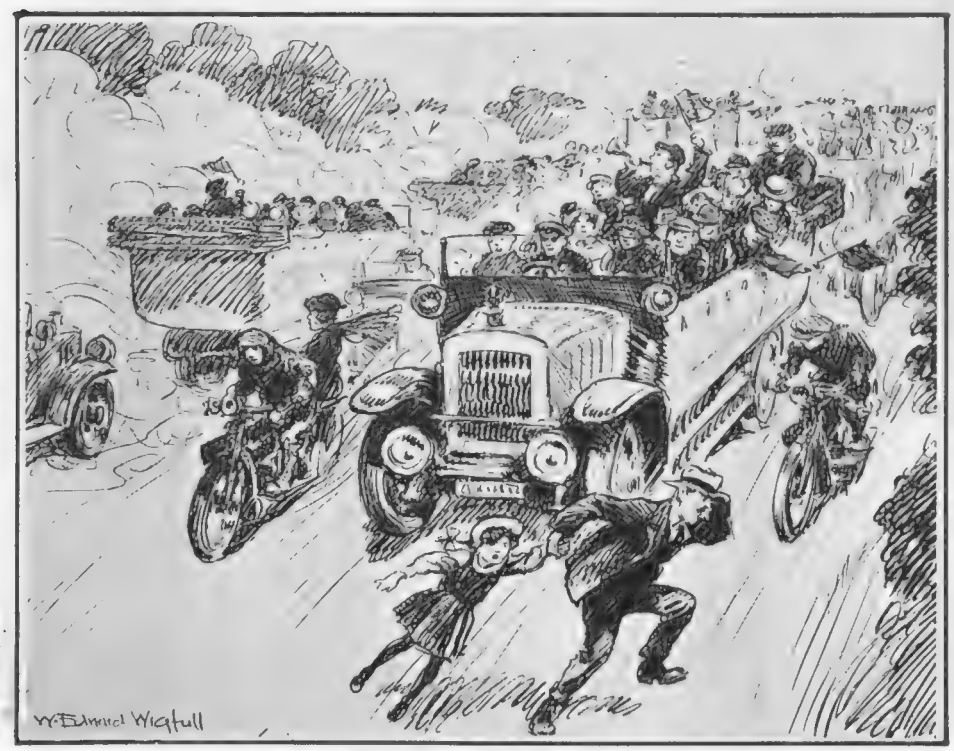
MANY holidaymakers have been temporarily elevated to the *pier*age.

* * * *

SHOULD Servants be Linguists? demands a weekly. It is just possible they might find Attic Greek an asset!

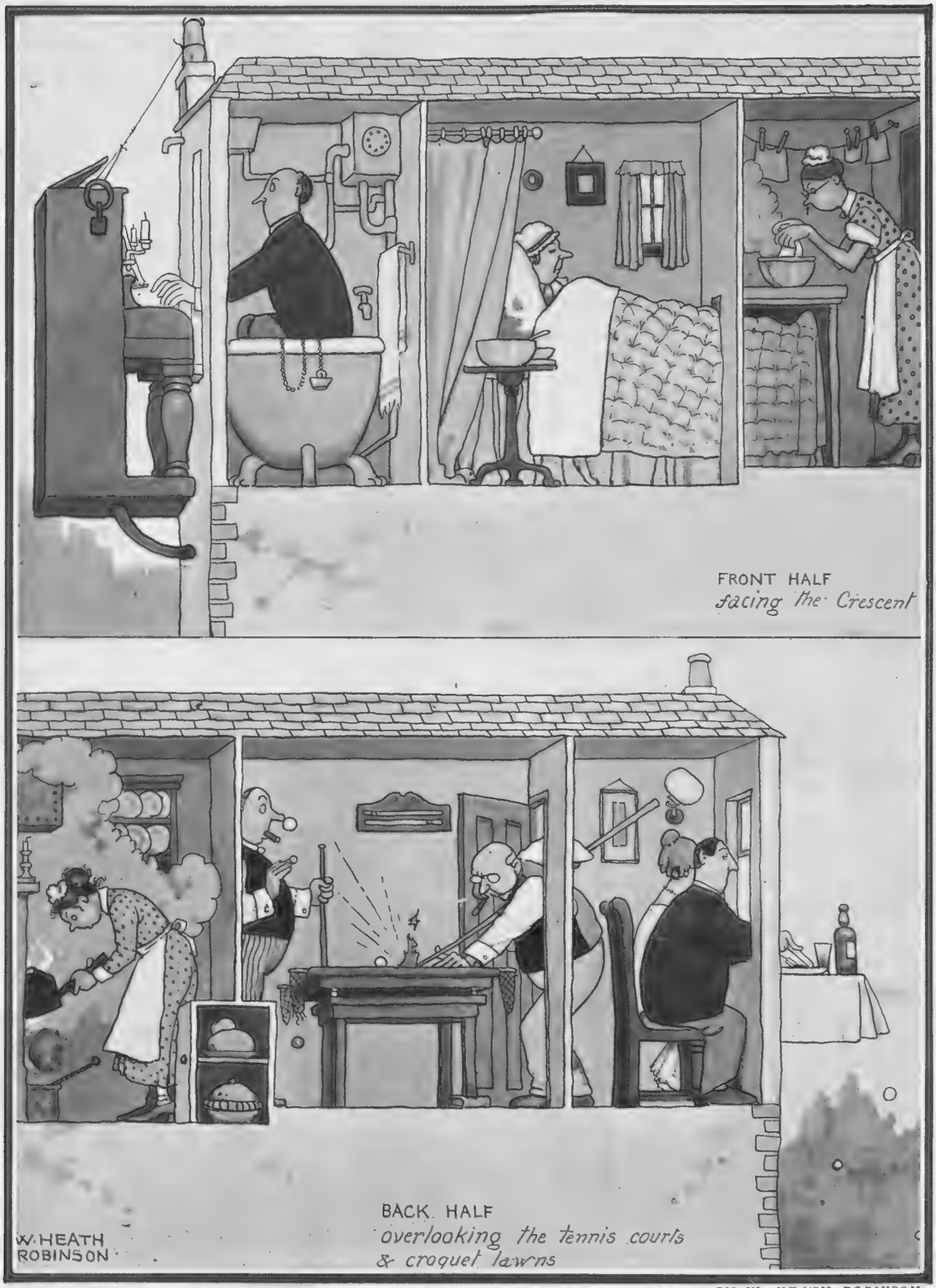
* * * *

A WOMAN'S writer advocates the employment of a "puff for each day." Many theatrical and movie stars have worked on these lines for years past!



THE OPEN ROAD By W. E. WIGFULL

Heath Robinson Mansions, W.



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

TO LET

Attractive flat containing:—Music-Bath-Room, H. & C., Bedroom, Billiard Room, Dining Room, Kitchen, Scullery, Offices

An Autumn Idyll

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

THE ENTHUSIAST

WOMEN OTTER HUNTERS

MISS VARNDELL
The whipper-in of the Crowhurst Otter Hounds

MRS. VARNDELL
Also a member of the Crowhurst

IT is a remarkable sign of the times—at any rate, of women's growing activity in sports which were once considered the prerogative of men—that ladies should be participating to an ever-increasing — overwhelming might not be, perhaps, too strong a word—extent in the arduous sport of otter-hunting. Year by year the numbers of these ardent followers of an extremely interesting and fascinating sport have grown until to-day with possibly the majority of the packs they more than outnumber the men. And though there may be those who aver that women's presence in the field is a not unmixed blessing to the Master, one is able to declare emphatically and with all due emphasis that such, in sober fact, is very far from being the case.

MASTERS of otter-hound packs are very well aware that not only can they depend upon the certain attendance of the majority of the lady members of the hunt, but that any duties with which they may from time to time be entrusted will be punctiliously and satisfactorily performed. And these duties are not in the nature of things by any means of the simple character that the uninitiated might be led to suppose. They involve oft-times taking up position in the stickles or fords, possibly knee-deep in water, especially at the end of a run—for the ladies are usually on the spot at the death—or it may even be required of them to go down into the water on bended knee so as to prevent the passage of the quarry. And these and the many other duties they may be requested to undertake in the course of a run are invariably performed gladly and cheerfully, and in the best sporting spirit.

ONE has spoken of otter hunting as being an arduous form of sport, and that it is so will be the better realised by reference to the considerable output of physical endeavour required to keep up with hounds during a long run under good scenting conditions. High fences will have to be negotiated somehow; wire must be got over—or under if possible; heavy plough, stiff and sticky, must be crossed, a task the difficulty of which, in water-logged

Photographs *Sport and General*

A HALT ON THE ROADSIDE
Lady members at a meet of the Courtenay Tracy Otter Hounds at Netheravon. The group includes Mrs. H. D. Thorneycroft, Mrs. Hussey and Miss Macintosh

boots feeling heavy as lead, can only be properly appreciated by those who have done it. Those are some of the difficulties—there are others, such as crossing deep rivers by narrow planks or wading streams over ankle-deep—which have to be contended against by the devotee of otter hunting; and only by real physical fitness of wind and limb can they be readily surmounted.

CLEARLY, otter-hunting is not for those who show distaste for wettings and a double dose of mud; still less for those who shrink from that dishevelled appearance to which the chase of the otter most generally gives rise. That otter-hunting should make this insistent appeal to womenkind is not difficult to understand. For there is, first of all, the attraction of life in the open, the spice of healthy excitement being added thereto; it offers golden opportunities for intercourse with her fellows amidst the pleasantest possible surroundings of glade and stream, whilst, finally, furnishing that element of rivalry so beloved of womenkind.

MR. W. B. W. VERNON

The master, Mr. F. Sowler, and Mrs. Vernon, wife of master, at a meet of the Border Counties Otter Hounds, at Llanrhaiadr Mochnant Station, North Wales

MISS BELL-IRVING

Who is the Master of the Dumfriesshire Otter Pack

LADY PETRIE

Who hunts with the Crowhurst

THE most prominent lady otter-hunters include: Mrs. Welch-Thornton, wife of the Master of the Culmstock; Mrs. Fitzgerald Waters, wife of the Master of the Cheriton; Lady Constance Stanier wife of the member for Ludlow; Mrs. T. P. Lewes, whose husband owns the pack which goes by his own name; Miss Bell-Irving, Master of the Dumfriesshire; Mrs. H. Bell-Irving; Mrs. W. Cheeseman, who was Master of the Crowhurst from 1905 to 1907; Miss K. Y. Varndell, the Whipper-in of the Crowhurst; Mrs. H. Douglas Thorneycroft, Mrs. Miles l'Anson, Mrs. Reeve, Mrs. Spencer Ferguson, Mrs. Scott-Nicholson, Mrs. Hugh Browning, Mrs. F. Farell-Rooke, Mrs. J. D. P. Goodwin, Mrs. F. Collier, Mrs. Arthur Jones, Mrs. A. J. Dear, Mrs. G. Thomkinson, Mrs. J. Simpson, Mrs. A. Graham Clarke, Mrs. J. H. Wyley, Mrs. J. H. Jefferson, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. W. Mitchell, Mrs. D. G. Protheroe, Mrs. W. A. Hoyle, Mrs. G. E. S. Protheroe-Beynon, Mrs. W. B. W. Vernon, Mrs. R. H. Storey, Mrs. R. C. Yates, Mrs. W. B. Pekington, Mrs. Hastings Clay, Mrs. Hopton Williams, Mrs. Arthur Evans, Mrs. R. J. Pryce-Jenkins, and Mrs. E. Waddington. R. C. REED.

Photographs *Sport and General*

A MEET OF THE WYE VALLEY OTTER HOUNDS AT THE OLD FORGE ON GARRON, HEREFORD

New Glands for Old

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

We have heard much of the wonderful results of monkey glands for retaining youth. Surely some other glands might be used with equal benefit in other directions?

A Song Bird of Surpassing Loveliness

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MADAME MARGUERITE NAMARA

Who is giving several recitals this season at the Æolian Hall. She had a great success in California, and is the wife of Mr. Guy Bolton, the author of the new Winter Garden production, "Sally"

THREADS AT ST JAMES'S

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.*

WE have had more than one play lately dealing with the husband who has been "put away" for some years and who returns home to find his wife's affections more or less alienated. This is another play of the kind, founded upon Mr. Frank Stayton's book of the same name. Mr. John Osborne Wynn has been sentenced to penal servitude for life for a murder he is alleged to have committed. But, as we know, convicts in plays are almost invariably innocent and ill-used men, and Mr. J. O. Wynn is no exception to the rule. Unfortunately the miscarriage of justice is not found out for seventeen years, at the end of which period Mr. Wynn is released and is given the King's Pardon—an amusing little technicality of our legal system that always gives the average humorist a chance to assert himself. If, it is asked, the man has done nothing wrong, why the Pardon? The question is duly asked in that form in the course of the play, and it must be admitted that it goes as well as ever. But even this ancient wheeze is more excusable than the resurrection of the now historic blunder of the Censorship during the War. The act of the young man who mutilated Kipling's famous line, "The Captains and the Kings depart," for fear it might give information to the enemy, is an old story now, but it is actually imputed to one of the officials represented in this play, by way of creating a little comic relief.

AFTER all, however, these are trifling faults. The story, as it is told here, is quite interesting, and the acting is, in most cases, of a very high quality. Mrs. John Osborne Wynn dropped her last name when her husband was sent to choky. She posed as a widow and called herself Mrs. "Osborne,"

(*Continued on page 606*)

Advice to

KEEP YOUR EYE

Marksmen

BY A. K. MACDONALD

ON THE BIRDS

so that the stigma of their father's alleged crime should not fall upon her children. At the same time, there must be several people in the country of the name of Wynn, and you could a'ways say it was the other chap. Mr. Wynn made his wife promise to have nothing more to do with him when the prison gates had finally closed behind him; but I am not sure that the world holds in very high esteem the wife who commits herself to a promise of this kind. I will frankly confess that I have never been in prison myself; but I understand that if you happen to be "in" for any considerable period there are certain days in the year on which you may receive a visit from those (if any) who love you still. Mrs. "Osborne," however, sheltered herself behind her promise, and did not see her husband or write to him. From which it would seem clear that she could not have been so madly in love with him as all that. Her children grow up. One of the boys (agreeably represented by Mr. Paul Ashwell) is in the Foreign Office, and is engaged to be married to a peer's daughter. The other boy is at Harrow, where it is understood that they are horribly prejudiced against the sons of convicts. He wants to go on to Cambridge because of — the cricket. This is a most refreshing study in light comedy by Mr. Henry Kendall.

THEN there is the daughter, Olive, a delightful sample of the twentieth century flapper, exquisitely well played by Miss Faith Celli. Also there is "Seppy." His full name is Colonel Septimus Packinder, and he is such an old friend that he is practically regarded as one of the family. Assuming Mrs. "Osborne" to be a widow, he has proposed to her and has been refused a dozen times in as many years; but he is still optimistic as to his chances. Although for obvious reasons Mrs. "Osborne" cannot favour "Seppy's" suit, the children have already accepted him They give him to understand that if their mother should decide to marry him they will be quite prepared to acknowledge him as the head of the family provided he knows how to keep his place, and makes no attempt to restrain the rather extensive liberty they now appear to enjoy.

MR. JOHN OSBORNE WYNN, therefore, comes back home with a rather considerable handicap. He has first of all to be introduced to his children one by one, since they were babies when he left home, and they on their side politely accept without comment their mother's statement that he is their father. Mrs. "Osborne's" principal trouble after that is how she shall explain her husband to the cook, a detail that prompts one to the conclusion that she must be a person lacking in ordinary resources. Besides, even a cook can be discharged

if you keep your courage high, and take a week's dumb-bell exercise beforehand. It soon dawns upon Mr. J. O. Wynn that he is, if anything, a little in the way; and if he had any doubt on the point it would have been promptly dissipated by the rather brutal frankness of "Seppy," who says that Mrs. "Osborne's" house has been a home to him for many years, and he is resolved that it shall remain so, returned husbands to the contrary notwithstanding. It is

at this point that one's preconceived ideas of human nature are rather considerably mutilated. J. O. Wynn gives us to understand that he wants all his wife's affection, or none, and he calmly proposes that he and Seppy shall set to work to woo her—and may the best man win! I am not a person who loves violence and disorderly behaviour, but I think if I had been in J.O.W.'s place I should at least have pushed "Seppy" against the wall and have kept him busy till it was time for the hospital ambulance to come and scrape him up and take him away.

In the last act we see J.O.W., always the model of magnanimity, making over all his property to his wife with the exception of a few pounds that will be necessary to take him away into some unobtrusive oblivion.

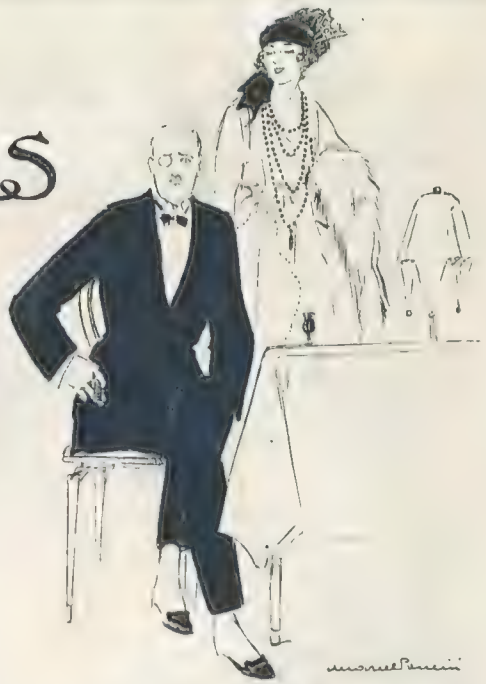
Many years ago Mrs. Kendal used to recite with a rich pathos a poem called "Betsy and I are Out"—by Will Carleton, if I remember rightly. It was the story of a man who had quarrelled steadily with his wife for twenty years, and had finally decided to leave her. But before going he made such a generous provision for her that she had to kiss him for that at least, and so the rather protracted quarrel was made up. The strange character of John Osborne Wynne is finely played by Mr. Lyn Harding, who contrives to impart a light cynical humour to many of the incidents that have, if anything, a daintily pathetic turn. The man's determination to be master in his own house as long as he is there, is finely expressed; and there is a very beautiful aspect to his wistful attempt to win the affection of his sons, who finally decide that he is not a bad old sort after all.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys plays up to the lead that is given her magnificently. Her air of striving continually to repress almost overwhelming emotions is quite admirable acting; but the part is not a very sympathetic one. It is not easy to justify the attitude of a wife who withholds a proper welcome from a husband who has suffered unceasingly through the long years for no fault of his own, and whose first thought has always been for her. The part of "Seppy" is one that I admit I do not understand, though Mr. C. M. Lowne made it as lucid as it could possibly have been made. Still, it takes all sorts to make a world, and the play is certainly one to be seen. Jingle

The Bystander in Paris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MAKING A JOKE OF TRAGEDY



"*Les Anglais* do take their pleasures sadly"

MES AMIS—

IT has been the complaint of *les Francais* against *les Anglais* that they do take their pleasures sadly. Now it does seem to be the complaint of the English against the French that they do take their tragedies too humorously. And it has appeared, indeed, to be the fact that the crimes do come to be regarded to have as much of the amusement as of the tragic. If the author has accomplished his criminal work with but the unskilled criminality, he is, *bien entendu*, the subject for the disrepute and the contempt. But if he shall have introduced the *verve*, the *esprit*, or but only the exceptional cleverness, he is the object of the almost admiration.

IT has been a peculiarity of the outrages of the holiday season that there have almost without to fail appeared the comic interludes. Just as if they have been planned like the programme of the Grand Guignol, there have been the horrors, the thrills and the hilarity. One has been very much disposed to think that the fashion has been established by Landru, and that so long as he shall occupy the foreground it shall be impossible to recover the old values. Of course, Landru has a very clever lawyer. He has well within his knowledge the habits of Parisian juries. And he has quite nearly succeeded to create the impression that Landru has been more sinned against than sinning.

IF it should ever be that M. More-Giafferri would wish to give up the law, he could most certainly be able to make the fortune as an *agent de publicité*. Always at the psychological moment there has forthcome a *bon mot*, attributed skilfully to the Bluebeard, which has gained him very easily more of the invaluable sympathy. *Par exemple* when has been revealed, through the mystery of the Seine, that two hundred girls have disappeared, one has read in the newspapers the next day that Landru has said, "Is it not a good thing for me that I am safely in the prison, or I would be blamed for this?" The smile which this has evoked has been a rather kindly smile. And as such skilful play has been repeated now for many months there is the question whether Landru is not regarded more as the most reliable comedian of Paris than as the Bluebeard he is accused by the police to be.

LANDRU himself naturally is quite sufficiently clever to be able to follow in the footsteps. And as the rogues who have to make the livelihood by the wits are always on the watch for the latest methods of success in the profession, they have been swift to comprehend that the most rapid road is the way of wit and humour. All the able scoundrels of the moment, therefore, are the humorists that might bring the blush of envy to the professional comedians of the stage.

"With a *petit verre* at the café"

THERE is one, for instance, who has found it to be much more simple than in an ordinary summer to burgle the flats which are empty while the owners are *au bord de la mer*. He has walked upstairs to the first floor without to be noticed. Of course, there is no difficulty even for an honest man to do that, for it is the habit of the *concierge* to be out of the sight

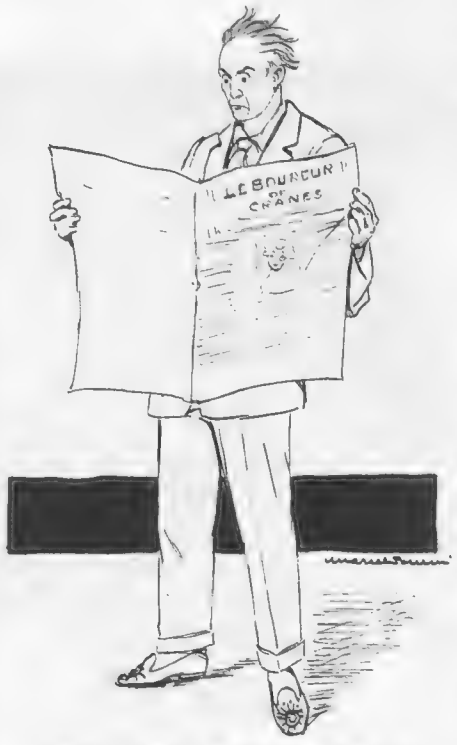
(Continued on page 610)

Behind the Scenes

BY VICTOR HICKS

HE: "Did you tell the manager that as a comedian I was the worst thing possible?"
SHE: "No, I thought he knew"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)



"One has read in the papers the next day"

of the person who may really be on the search for him. After to pack up a bundle of the valuables which he has wished to keep as a souvenir of his visit to the first-floor flat he has not thought it to be the good policy to descend without to see if the way is clear. And this time he has, of course, come upon the *concierge* on the lean-out at the front of his *loge* with the customary hostile look in the eyes.

But with the new method well within the mind the burglar has almost run to the *concierge* and said, "Oh! it has been ever so long since I have seen you; how is it that things go with you in these dull times?" The *concierge* has been delighted to be so enthusiastically welcomed, for it is not the habit to receive the approaches of such warmth. He has replied that things go not too badly, *mon vieux*, and there has been quite an affectionate exchange of the shake-hand. The burglar has then whispered that if the keeper of the *loge* can escape the watch of Madame la Concierge it could be a fitting occasion to celebrate the fortunate *rencontre* with a *petit verre* at the café of the *Bon Coin*. And the *concierge*, thus called upon to vindicate that he is master of the household, has manfully responded that he is at the disposal of the *vieux ami* for as long as he chooses. And so the adjournment to the Good Corner.

Here the housebreaker has cunningly plied the *concierge* with the several glasses of the Calvados—after to have discovered that the victim is a Normand—while carefully to throw away his share of the *liqueur* himself. It has not been difficult for the inquirer to learn from the merry-made guardian of the gate how many of the other *locataires* are absent on the *vacances*. And after an hour of the intimate gossip about the family relationships of the tenants, the *concierge* has been in the state that his new "old friend" has been able to take him back to the *loge* and watch him go soundly to sleep upon the bed.

As the cracksman of the *up-to-date* has now learned that Madame la Concierge shall be absent for the whole of the morning at the market he has had at his disposal the whole hours to go through all of the empty flats for many more of the souvenirs. And when he has descended with his bundle he has been able to leave it beside the bed of the snoring *concierge* while he has searched for a taxicab to help in the removal.

In the present spirit of the Parisians a *cambriolage* manipulated in the such circumstances does make the author to be regarded much more as the popular hero than as the criminal. And so has the tendency spread to introduce the "light side" into all the *événements tragiques*. The "Petite Mariée," whose disappearance has led her to be suggested to be the Missing Woman Without the Head, has been far more of the topic for the mirth and the mockery than she has been for the misery or the sympathy. Also the porter at *Les Halles*, who has been suspected by the stall-keepers of all of the markets because he has been known to threaten to throw his wife into the Seine. There does not seem to be the mood existent any longer to take the tragic happenings with the complete seriousness. Whether it is for the good or the bad one is not yet able to make out at the slightest. ROLAND

"The French take their tragedies too humorously"

Fiction Friends

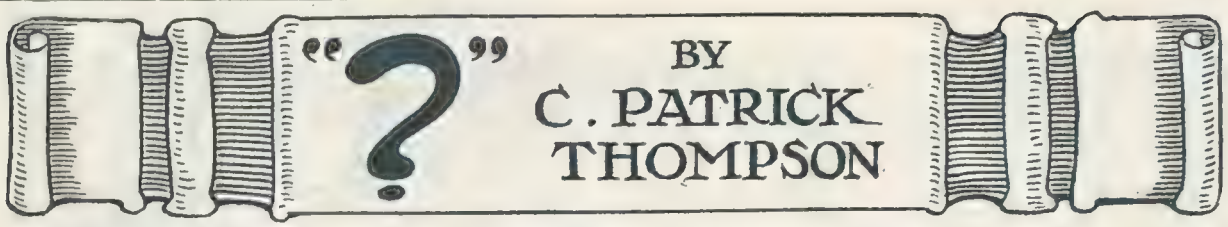
BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

S'TRUTH GIVES US STRANGER COMPANIONS THAN FICTION

Just Heather

Photograph SUNSET ON THE MOORS *Horace W. Nicholls*

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY



So Bill brought his dilemma to me. Brown, ugly, wealthy, forty, odorous of good leather and tobacco, reminiscent of smoking rooms, guns, horses, rods, and the golf club bar, crusted over with bachelorhood as an old port bottle is with dust—what should he know about women? On the other hand, I was credited with a large store of knowledge in that direction.

Plumping into a saddlebag beside me, he ordered drinks, and began to hum and ha. A woman had made him her *confidente*. Worse still, he was committed to the execution of a most devilish awkward commission, nothing less than the tactful ending of her engagement. He simply had to have advice—but, well, woman's confidence. . . .

I suggested a hypothetical case, and he had a try to put it to me that way, but it was too much for him, and after a gallant struggle he broke down and revealed the whole business, with names. I will call them Stella, the American lady, and Vane is as good a name as any other.

I knew already how he stood with Vane. Vane was a naval lieutenant, a V.C. man. Their meeting had been a sudden, dramatic, and fortuitous affair; its scene, the water under the Mole at Zebrugge during the Great Mêlée. Vane had found Bill clinging to a girder pier with a bullet in him, and had towed him clear of the harbour and a quarter mile beyond until a C.M.B. had picked them up. Things like that stick, especially when he's as fond of life as Bill is. There was nothing much that Bill would not have done for Vane. Externally Vane was all one would have supposed; tall, clean-cut, dashing, a trifle hard about the chin, but immovably good-tempered. I had met him once or twice at Bill's shoots.

"But the fact is," said Bill, "Vane has a soft spot. I don't know whether you ever noticed it. He likes cosiness, comfort. He's a fellow of brilliant flashes, but no staying power. At his best in a crisis, ready to go bull-headed for death or glory, but hates slogging work and the rough path like poison. In a way, that impulsiveness is the main part of his charm. But when it comes to women, it doesn't help him to run true to form.

"You see, there are two of 'em involved at the moment. One is an Anglo-American with money. Society with a big S—cuts and cuts above him—and as keen as mustard on him. The other is the girl who is supposed to be waiting until he can afford to marry, because he has no influence and no means outside his pay. She's good-looking enough, but not getting any younger; a parson's daughter of no particular family and without a penny.

"You must understand that it is not a case of wandering affections. I could see when I had them together at my place that he was deuced fond of her. I believe if that other woman hadn't turned up a year ago and found his soft spot, Stella would be Mrs. Vane now. I know that until he met Miss America he was tremendously keen to marry, only she appeared to understand him well enough to veto the project until he'd got his promotion and they could manage without beastly scraping. But things have gone so far now in the other direction that it looks as if she'll get left.

"He's a queer mixture, queer streaks in him. I believe he'd die for her if necessary, and yet he can't face what marriage with her means. At least, he can't now that he has seen what the other door opens on to. Did I tell you that the last election pulled Miss America's father into the Government? That means an attache's job at least for her husband. You see how it is?

"Well, this afternoon, when I got back from the club, I found the Stella girl waiting for me. I half guessed what she wanted, and if I had been in when she called, I believe I'd have told Parry to say I was out. But she had me. . . . However, after the first embarrassment it wasn't so bad. She didn't make a fuss. A quiet little thing.

"She came to the point at once. I was Vane's friend, booked for best man when he married. Did I know that he had—changed?

"I suppose under the circumstances I should have put her back in her Fools' Paradise; but she was so cool about it, and so straight in the eye that I just nodded to let her see that I did know it.

"'I saw him in the Park yesterday,' she went on, 'with someone. Do you know who it is?'

"I told her who it was, and added that I didn't expect she knew her.

"'No,' she said. 'I think she must move in different circles to mine.' Then she added: 'She's not at all pretty. Is he in love with her?'

"'I think not,' I said, 'but there's money, you know, and her husband's pretty sure to have the strings pulled for him. And—er—all that sort of thing, don't you know?'

"She nodded, and asked me what I thought he was going to do. Yes, she asked me cool and straight what I thought the man was going to do. So I said I thought he was vacillating, but that in my opinion she was playing the other woman's game not to put up a fight. She could get him back if she tried.

"'I know,' she said; 'that is why he keeps away from me, because he doesn't want to be won back. He really rather despises feelings—he always did—and now he doesn't want to give them a chance. She must be over thirty, mustn't she? And she's rather scraggy, and she looks opinionated. . . . I know I could get him back. But what I want you to tell me is this: do you honestly think that if he married me he could be happy, having regard to what he'll be sacrificing?'

"I could not say yes or no to that. It wasn't compunction that

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"?" (*concluded*)

held me up, but sheer inability to know where the truth was. She pressed me, but finding me hopeless she put it another way. Did I think he would be happy married to the other lady?

"Yes, I said, I thought he would be. I was thinking of his soft spot, of course, and that he'd be contented, jolly cosy. I suppose that's what she meant by happiness, lasting happiness, that is.

"Then she asked: 'How am I going to get out of it?' I told her that was his business. 'No,' she said. 'I know him so well. He'll vacillate for a long time yet, and he may come back to me in the end. He's chivalrous and impulsive. It is quite possible that when it comes to the actual break he'll have a revulsion of feeling and come back. If I wrote I have no doubt it would have the same effect. I might go abroad and clear his path that way, only I have not the money. Advise me.'"

. . . . .

Bill looked at me over his little cocktail glass.

"Well, old man, advise me. What had I better do? Go and have it out with him?"

"If you do," I replied, "you will have to recount all she said to you, and if her estimate of his psychology is accurate, that would most certainly bring him back. Nothing like the revelation of feminine love and sacrifice to rouse the knight in a man."

"True," he murmured, abstractedly. "True."

"But," I continued, "speaking personally, I should be inclined to go in any case and tell the man that his conduct verges on the——"

"No, no," he interrupted. "That line is out of the question. You know what I owe him. Besides, as you say, that would bring him back, and she wants to make an end. She wants him to be happy in his own way. Quixotic, but there it is. It is something constructive, not destructive, that we have to accomplish."

I lay back and consumed a fresh drink. And suddenly I had a brilliant idea.

"Look here, why shouldn't she anticipate him? Why shouldn't she jilt Vane and marry someone else?"

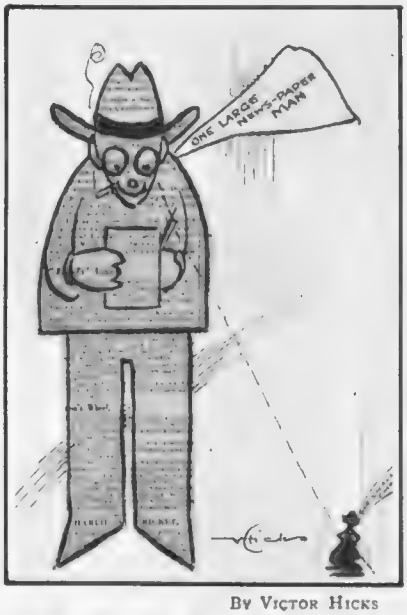
"But," said Bill, looking startled, "there is no one else."

"Dullard. He need have no existence in fact. Just tell her to drop Vane a line saying that in the circumstances, etc., met another man, etc., marriage takes place shortly. Goodbye. See that she hints she is aware that he will not go unconsoled. She need not see him or receive his letters after that. It blocks any attempt at a *revanche*."

Bill took some time to see how water-tight the scheme was. Tremendously relieved he looked when he had pondered it.

"Yes, by George! I think you've hit it. I'll tell her that."

It was during dinner a little later that he reverted hesitantly to the subject. "You think—you're quite sure that I shall be doing the right



By Victor Hicks

HOW CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S NATIVE ENGLAND LOOKED ON HIS RETURN

thing in effecting this break? It's a horrible responsibility. The more I think of it the more I see what a frightful responsibility it is."

"Well, she seems clear enough on the point, doesn't she?"

"And you, d'you think their marriage would turn out well?"

"I doubt it. Seeing he is made as he is, he is bound to be unhappy, as he understands the term. So is she."

"So long as you think so, too," he nodded. "I know nothing about these things. . . ."

. . . . .

I went abroad the next day, and consequently missed whatever developments there were. But odd bits of the story pursued me, kept on cropping up in the most unexpected places. News of Vane's engagement to the American lady came to me in the Embassy in Rome by way of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. I was taking an *apéritif* in an Algiers café when I read of the wedding in the Continental *Daily Mail*. Sometime later I took up a *Times* on the terrace of the Semiramis in Cairo and saw in the *Court Circular* a line devoted to a new naval attache; one Vane, V.C., R.N., and further on a paragraph devoted to his charming wife.

It made me wonder how he was feeling about life and what are the best things to be squeezed out of it. But before I had been wondering more than a few seconds an acquaintance clapped me on the back, called for drinks, and gave me a lifetime to guess who he had seen a month ago at Mürren. It was hot. I gave it up.

"Old Bill H——. With a wife. Bill! A wife!"

"Bill with a wife?" I said. "Nonsense."

"I dined with them, my dear man."

I put down my drink and stared. "What's she like?"

"Oh, *petite*. Very blue in the eye, cool and quiet. Don't know who she is, but she's rather nice."

"Is she—I mean, are they happy?"

"They seem to be," responded my acquaintance.

I lit a cigar and tried to see light. My mind was swept by interrogations. When did it begin, before or after he came, a perplexed and unsophisticated bachelor, to seek advice? Was it then a romance unborn, beginning, or on the point of consummation? Had she perceived, and given him his chance under the guise of seeking his advice? Had he come to me sincerely, or because he was in a dilemma of conscience over Vane and wanted reassuring? Had she set out to cut her losses with Bill, or was it a magic flowering? Had he done the thing in a burst of chivalry?

Blue in the eye, very cool and quiet. . . .

But what I want to know is, whether it was both, or one; and if one, which?

C. Patrick Thompson

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PRIZE-FIGHTING—A WOMAN'S VIEW

By MARION CRAN, F.R.H.S. *Illustrated by PHYLLIS KERMODE*

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE OUR CHAMPION ENTERED THE RING WITH A SMILE.

MANY different streams were converging by road and rail toward Covent Garden Opera House last week; one could see them with the mind's eye as one delved and dived through the traffic to get there. A thick heavy stream of sporting men, turgid with bets and experience; a lesser stream of women stepping it bravely toward the arena, like the Roman women did long before them, to admire the gladiators; and a thin fine trickle of men in the pink of health and condition, trained to the fineness of steel under silk, to fight before the eyes of a great multitude for prizes of fame and money.

IT was that last stream which interested me most as I neared the familiar portico. After weeks of bitter self-discipline and unremitting toil men were coming to the test of their tutored strength, and one imagined their strung nerves as they neared the place of trial. There is some controversy about women seeing prize-fights; but, after all, we women make the bodies of men, and I cannot see why we should not know what they do with them. One thing I feel very sure of, and that is that the habits of self-control learned in the arduous discipline of months of training must be of priceless value to a man all his life; a good enough reason to encourage boxing, I fancy, though the question of fighting for money seems a more controversial affair.

IT was a strangely different crowd from the olden ones when the world of fashion used to gather in gala attire to hear the voice of our lost Caruso, all gold and all fire, beguile us in terms of Wagner and Verdi and Puccini . . . and Melba combatting his mellow peals with her chimes of silver.

NOT being incommoded with any knowledge whatever of the peculiar language of the boxing world, I am in the fortunate position of being able to describe in plain words what really happened. Men are too clever for the unlettered public, of which I am one, and always make a fight sound like a problem in algebra when they describe it, so that boxing has ever seemed a boresome affair to me till I saw the big fight. It is not boring at all when you see it; it is fascinating.

THERE is a platform with ropes round it; some men in tennis flannels make little hospitals in two of the corners, with ice and sponges and water and towels for the wounded. The hands of the heroes are put into leather muffs, tied with tape round the wrist, and then they try to hit each other to death.

THIS MUST HAVE QUITE UPSET "THE BOY" AFTER HIS LAST IMPRESSION OF "JOE" AT BRIGHTON

BECKETT had had his title to Heavyweight Champion of England challenged by one Boy McCormick, and it was up to him to show he could hold it. I looked at him with concern; not a pleasing type of man to display as our champion. He is an unprepossessing monster with rounded shoulders and a hanging head, like Caliban; not a sparkling, witty, smiling gallant to catch a woman's eye such as Carpentier, who sat near by and made him look like mud. The Boy is a straight, clean-built lad with red hair, and an exceedingly battered nose, but in spite of that disfigurement an incorrigible gladness shines out of him as though he were made of hope. I remembered the love letter of the Pompeian lady to one of the gladiators of her day, asking for an assignation, saying she admired him, and felt sure he was a captive Briton—and I wondered if these modern gladiators suffer from such compliments. I did not think it likely, but one never knows. I suppose they have their troubles.

BECKETT stuck his head even lower than it hangs naturally and charged into the Boy with it and his fists. To this advance the Boy made answer with a sharp smack on his enemy's nose; so Beckett clasped his left arm in the Boy's arm and hit him hard on his ribs with his own free right hand. The attitude seemed to make retaliation difficult, but Boy untwisted himself from this tangle and smote his foe again upon the physiognomy, which excited Beckett so much that he lay down and died. I thought it was all over; but he was only taking

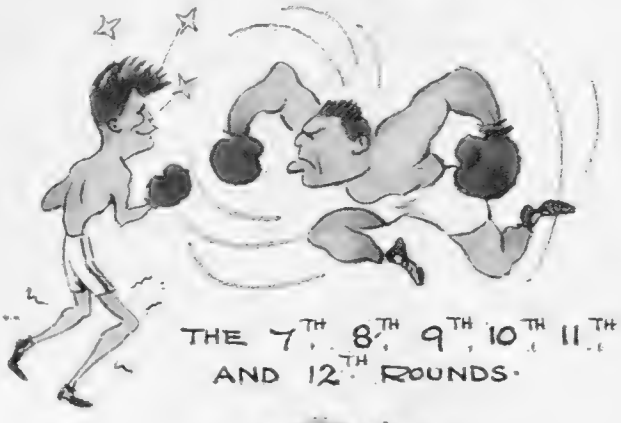
McCORMICK DUCKING AWAY FROM ONE OF BECKETT'S WILD SWINGS

seven seconds to think out a new idea: he got up, and began to lean on the Boy, who danced about all over the place with this old-man-of-the-sea clinging to him, till a friend came up and pulled them apart. Every three minutes a gong sounded and they went back to their hospitals to be petted and massaged and washed by the men in flannels. Beckett's heavy jowl hung on his chest while his first-aid contingent put ice on his neck and toyed with him like a show dog; away in the Boy's corner earnest work was afoot in the same style, and after these refreshments the heroes emerged time after time clean and shiny.

As the fight progressed one lost consciousness of the great blue roof spangled with faint lights like stars under which a yelling crowd was packed to suffocation. Nothing remained but a little rope-ringed platform in which two personalities glowed in the fierce light of action. The heavy man, butting and charging with lowered head and terrible strength showed like an implacable bigot, dogged and mean, the other with his red head "bloody but unbowed" looked like spirit fighting flesh; so light, so gallant, so strong in will. The crowded house yelled to the spirit: "Box him Boy!" "Kill him Boy!" "Good Boy!" and cheered him to the echo when Beckett was warned against butting with his head and leaning on his enemy over the ropes.

The Boy began to reel; even my untutored eye saw his body was to be beaten by the great lump battering and charging at him. But his utter gameness made the laurels of admiration his. He sent Beckett down three times, he pushed his heavy body off him, he fought like a tiger. He watched his advisers at the side of the ring and for some reason his faith in them made me gulp. He was so obedient; so like a child. Whatever they told him to do he tried to do with all his panting, bleeding body; even, and I think that was hard, to staying on the ground when he was knocked down at last and taking a breather, as his foe had already done more than once.

In the last round he was down three times but came up again and again on his dancing feet and staggered to the hospital still full of fight. "Boy is a clean fighter but he's too open," said a yelling excited man behind me. I do not know what an open fighter is, unless it means he did not shut his arms up enough. But Boy McCormick has an open heart; a brave heart that made the art of boxing look good to me. The thirteenth round was indexed, but his friends would not let the game lad come in to fight to a finish; and my last memory of an absorbing evening was the sight of his pleading anguished face, streaming with blood, begging to be allowed to fight on and win yet! He hated to be made to stop, and left me with the impression that his unconquered heart was the night's real victor.



THE 7TH, 8TH, 9TH, 10TH, 11TH AND 12TH ROUNDS.

A GAME LOSER

SENSATIONAL ENTRY OF GEORGES CARPENTIER

RACING·NOTIONS

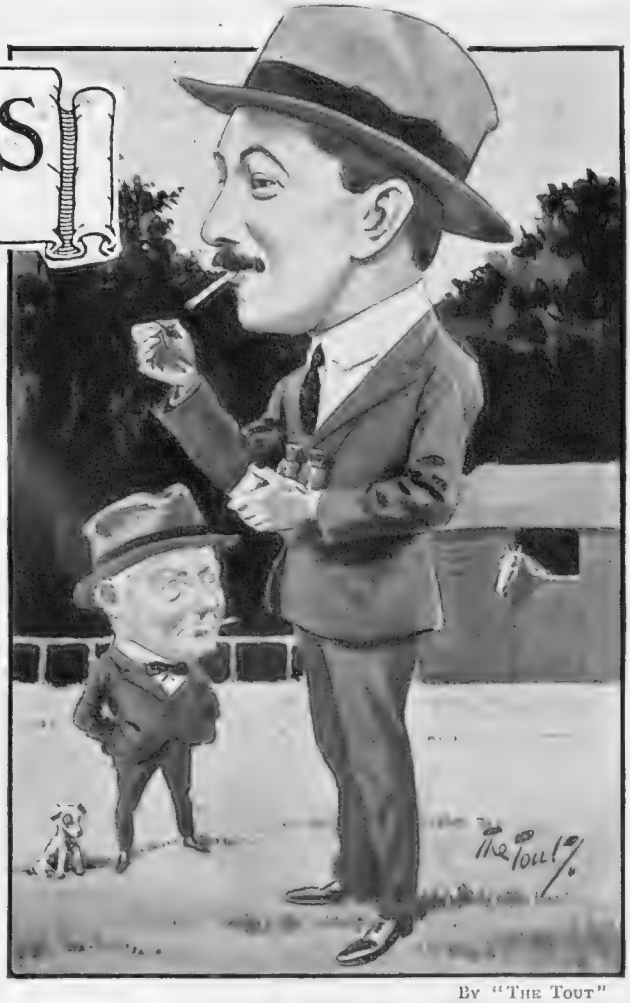
BY "CARBINE"

Don't Hurry

My advice to those who are looking for the winner of the Cesarewitch is to wait until after the Newbury Autumn Cup on Saturday. So many horses are engaged in the two races that it will be well worth while to watch the Newbury form before meddling with the Newmarket problem. Last week I wrote that I had resisted the doubles fever so far with the exception of the bet I took about Periosteum and Leighton just before Ascot. I am afraid that is gone, as for some days Periosteum has done no real work. It looks as though the big horse had fallen a victim to the long spell of hard ground. If this be so, Basil Jarvis has little chance now of getting him ready for the Cesarewitch. The only one of the top weights who appears to be moving at all vigorously just now is Happy Man.

Flamboyant

One of the best public trials for the Cesarewitch I ever saw was Flamboyant's race for the Doncaster Cup. Mrs. Gilbert Robinson's colt showed stamina and courage of an unusual order. He is a natural stayer, and I know no three-year-old more ideally qualified for the Cesarewitch journey. Yet the pen has been put through his name. The stable, apparently, made up its mind not to run him immediately after Doncaster, and the public can thank his owner and trainer for having struck out the colt in good time. It is a very bold policy, and suggests that Reggie Day is unusually confident about Tishy.



By "The Tout"

"THE TETRARCH"

Major Dermot McCalmont, who is here seen with his trainer, "Atty" Persse, in the background, is the lucky owner of that wonder horse, The Tetrarch. Polemarch and Caligula, by winning successive "Legers," have shattered the illusion that his stock cannot stay

The Cup at Newbury

Both Tishy and Bucks are entered for the Newbury Cup, but the chances are that we shall only see the former. It is hardly in her favour that a 6st. boy will be on her back, but, apparently, that is not thought to be likely to stop her. Apparently, too, her trainer will not mind if she picks up a 10lb penalty for the Cesarewitch by winning at Newbury. In these circumstances it would seem to be something like waste of time to search for something to beat her on Saturday. But these "hot pots" do boil over sometimes, and for my part I doubt whether Tishy is going to have things all her own way at Newbury. She has Harrier and Flint Jack to beat. Both of them have shown good form lately. Then there is Arravale. You have only to go back to his Goodwood form to agree that this horse is a dead stayer, even though he is a trifle deficient in class.

Tishy's Chance

Flint Jack is another to be kept on the right side. I have seen it stated that Money Glass might have beaten him more easily than he did at Doncaster. That is by no means my opinion, and I watched the finish very carefully. Flint Jack was boxed in until a hundred yards from the judge's box and had no chance of winning. But he, in his turn, is not so well handicapped at Newbury as First Wheat, who also has a pull with Harrier. I give **Tishy** as the probable winner, and First Wheat as the best thing "each way."

Can Silpho be Beaten?

A great attraction on Friday will be the Highclere Nursery, in which many smart young performers are engaged. I suppose Silpho will be a raging favourite. The handicap was made before his fine effort in the Gimcrack Stakes, and he looks to be an absurdly good thing under 7st. 1 lb. It was only in the last stride that Scamp beat him in York, and if Lord Jersey's colt were in this race at 8st. 2 lb. wouldn't there be a rush to back him! We shall watch the running of His Excellency with interest, for he was certainly unlucky when so heavily backed at Derby. We lost our money over Stratford at Doncaster, but I am quite satisfied that we shall get it back in due course.

Condover

Condover is a colt for whom I have the highest respect. His two races so far have been won in most impressive style and I am sure he is a real good'un. But can he give 21 lb. to Silpho? That is asking a lot of Condover or of any other colt. I do not think I can avoid going for **Silpho,** though I shall probably back Condover to beat him if Major Holliday's colt stands at an impossible price.

Other Attractions

There will be various other attractions at this popular week-end meeting. I look upon the Autumn Foal Stakes on Friday as likely to rest between Captain Cuttle and Unison. The former would have won at Doncaster if he had not been so inexperienced. That race will have brought him on, so I vote rather confidently for **Captain Cuttle.** There will be no Craig an Eran in the Kingsclere Stakes on the second day. He is not likely to run again this season. But Franklin is in this race with an obvious chance, and as several of his stable companions are also engaged I shall content myself with tipping the Whatcombe stable's selected candidate.

A "Monkey" for 3d.

COLONEL. Well, boys, you can plunge on mine Wednesday. I've tried it to win easily and it will be a good price. You know I don't say this sort of thing without being sure of my ground.

SIR EDWARD. No, I remember last time you told us to back one of yours, and it simply rolled in at 8's. I wired 50 "each way," so I'm not likely to forget.

COLONEL. Good! So you cleared 500 of the best?

SIR EDWARD. Not much, old top. My man said the wire "never reached him," and according to his rules, there was "nothin' doin'."

LORD BOB. Teddy, my boy, I thought you knew better. You should have wired it to my man, Douglas Stuart, then even if the wire were "lost" a simple "Certified copy" of the telegram, costing threepence, would have been sufficient, and you'd have got your cheque for 500 Monday. "*Fancy a 'Monkey' for Threepence.*"

COLONEL. Well, make up for it Wednesday, but be sure you send it to "Duggie."

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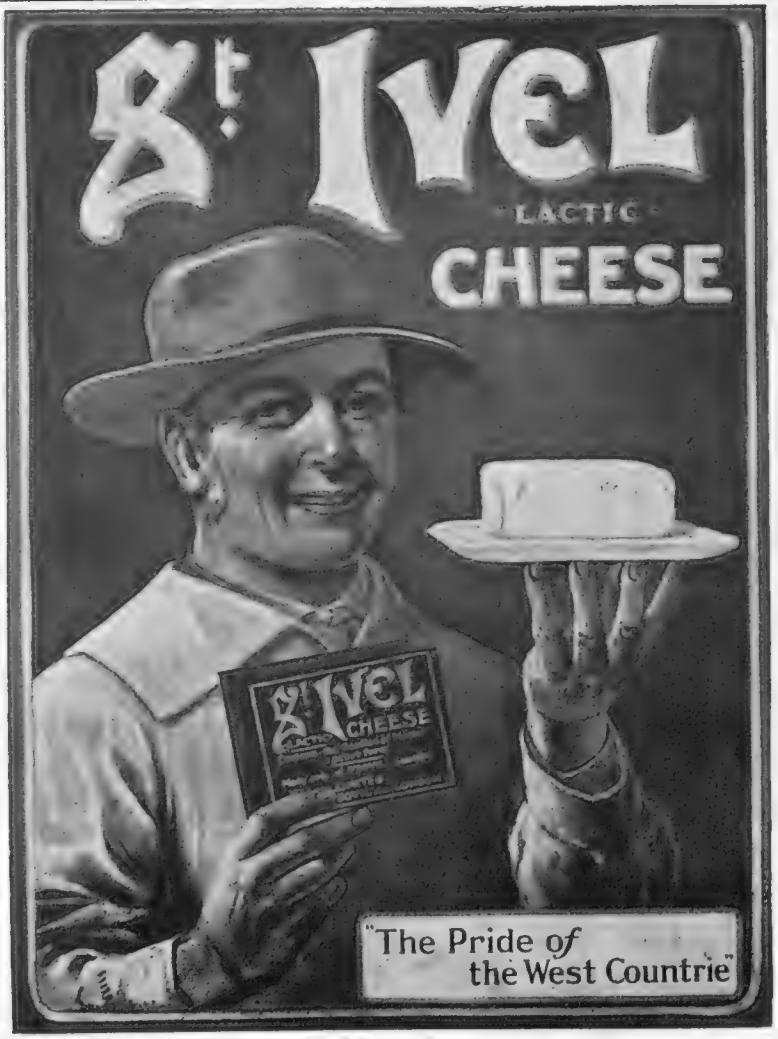


Have You Heard a Good One Lately?

Prizes for Humorous Stories.

THE BYSTANDER offers the following prizes for the best humorous stories sent in by readers:—

First Prize -	£10 10 0
Second Prize	7 7 0
Third Prize -	5 5 0

Each story must be of a humorous nature, have a Christmas atmosphere and not exceed 350 words in length.

Any number of stories may be submitted by any one competitor. Attempts must reach this office not later than October 20th and be addressed to

The Editor, Bystander Christmas Story Competition, Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, E.C.4.

The Editor's decision must be final and he reserves the right to publish both successful and unsuccessful attempts. In the case of the publication of stories which do not win prizes, payment will be made at the usual rates for such contributions.

All attempts must be typewritten and bear the full name and address of competitor.

Unsuccessful and rejected stories will be returned if accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes, but the Editor will accept no responsibility in the event of loss.

No stories which have already been published will be considered.

Successful attempts, together with a selection of the next best, will be published in *THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL* in November.

(This Annual, by the way, is likely to beat all previous records in Christmas Numbers—even Bystander records.)

Mespot Messes

[The Arabs and Bedouins are, we understand, getting to work with the war equipment we have left behind]

BY LIEUT-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. V.—THE RECOIL

SPORTS & PASTIMES

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP FINALISTS

Miss Winifred Sarson (right), beat Miss Marjorie Parkinson in the final of the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges last week by 5 and 3. She also beat (in the semi-final) Miss Audrey Croft, the winner in 1919

LAWN TENNIS

Transition

THE lawn tennis season on grass ends to all intents and purposes this week, and the enthusiast who never lays his (or her) racket aside from one year's end to the other will now switch off to play on hard and covered courts. One hard court tournament has, in fact, already been held; three are now in progress, and two more are scheduled for next week, after which come the two autumn meetings at the Craigside Hydro, Llandudno, and at Queen's Club in consecutive weeks. So much has been said about the future of the hard court game that the expected developments of the next few months will be awaited with interest.

The Hard Court Outlook

A GOOD many people, we know, believe that the hard court will presently be more popular than the grass court, even if it does not oust it altogether. I do not think that this is going to happen—at any rate, just yet awhile. I am fully alive to the advantages of hard court play as such, but I believe that hard court construction in this country is still in its infancy. The question is not one of workmanship, but of material. I think that the material for the perfect hard court which can be laid in England at a reasonable cost has yet to be discovered. At present the principal ingredient in the construction of about 90 per cent. of our hard courts is burnt clay, and it is a most elusive substance. You may lay a court in one place which turns out to be just right, and you may lay one in another which should be exactly similar to it, but which refuses to "settle," and no amount of rolling and watering will prevent it from kicking up like the sands of the seashore. Moreover, it is quite a mistake to suppose that having once got your court into good playing order it needs but little further attention. It needs a great deal—as much, in fact, as a properly kept grass court.

GOLF

A Handicapping Anomaly

A WRITER in a recent issue of the *Sunday Times* has given timely expression to an opinion which I have shared with him (unconsciously) for some time past. He considers that the prevailing practice in match play under handicap of making the players play at three-fourths of the difference (if any) between their respective handicaps is wrong, and that they ought to play at the full difference. He points out, in support of his contention, that at St. Andrews (where the authorities must be deemed to know all that there is to be known about handicapping) the full difference is always allowed, and as evidence of the fact that St. Andrews are right and the other people wrong he instances the large percentage of matches and match-play competitions which are won by back-markers.

The Lordly Backmarker

THE object of a handicap is, or should be, to place all players, good, bad, and indifferent, upon terms of equality. And yet I believe that in actual practice there is a strong feeling prevalent among "the best people" that the long-starters have no business to win, and that when a player whose handicap is well up in the region of double figures wins an event his victory is regarded as a sort of catastrophe. I remember once taking part in a competition, at a club of which I was a member, when a wretched being with a handicap of 24 had the shocking bad taste to play quite decently (for him) and win the event. I shall never forget the mingled consternation and fury of the grave and reverend handicapping committee—scratch golfers most of them—when the result

(Continued on page 624)

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS BARBARA GRIFFITHS

One of the more junior competitors in the Girls' Championship, playing a difficult shot from a bad lie. In spite of her tender years she did extremely well, and her conqueror, Miss Wickenden, reached the semi-final

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS NANCY GRIFFITHS

A younger sister of Miss Barbara Griffiths, aged only 14, who likewise distinguished herself greatly, Miss Parkinson had all her work cut out to beat her by 2 and 1. Miss Barbara and Miss Nancy Griffiths are sisters of Miss Molly Griffiths, the well-known player, and look like emulating her prowess

PEACEHAVEN

THE GARDEN CITY BY THE SEA

£1 A Freehold Seaside Plot of Building Land can be secured for £1 Cash Deposit.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

PEACEHAVEN, the Garden City by the Sea and new Seaside Resort, situated near the famous old-world village of Rottingdean, and between Brighton and Newhaven, offers you an unique opportunity such as may never be within your reach again, and which vitally concerns your future success, health and happiness. Peacehaven makes it possible for you to secure your own home on your own freehold land in a Garden City by the Sea, within easy reach of London.

WHAT MR. GEO. R. SIMS says about PEACEHAVEN

In a recent article in a leading London daily newspaper, Mr. Geo. R. Sims writes:—"Peacehaven, designed by experts whose experience of town planning is world-wide, is to be a haven land of ideal homes in an ideal situation. The homes, which are artistic in design, are being built on economic lines. In the deftly designed and daintily decorated rooms everything is for the saving of labour.

"I found bungalow gardens where luxuriant flowers had been cultivated that are among the special displays at the prize shows, and picked strawberries that would have entitled them to the proud position of 'top-layer' on the baskets of Bond Street fruiterers. Peacehaven is already proclaiming the flavour and the size of the vegetables that grow in profusion in its nature-nurtured soil.

"But the town planning of Peacehaven is not limited to ideal homes and ideal gardens. The new Garden City by the Sea is to have all the attractions of a haven of happiness. It will have its pleasure park, its golf course, its winding ways and its direct descent to the sea-laved shore, its marine promenade, its music, and all the desired attractions of a refined health resort.

"The future of Peacehaven is assured. Building and garden plots are being rapidly acquired, but nothing will be erected that is not in harmony with the well-considered plan of the promotors. The restful, picturesqueness of Peacehaven will be preserved, and nothing will be allowed to interfere with the uninterrupted view of the sea which it is intended that all its residents shall enjoy."

HOME, HOLIDAY RESORT OR INVESTMENT.

If you are in search of a Holiday Resort where you can settle in your own Bungalow Home on your own freehold land, PEACEHAVEN meets all your requirements in full measure. Like Folkestone, it lies on the cliffs, at from 50ft. to 125ft. above the sea level, and has all the advantages of such a commanding position. There is a sea frontage of 1½ miles, along the whole of which a promenade, varying from 100 ft. to 200 ft. in width, is provided. There are facilities near at hand for every kind of outdoor sport and recreation—golf, cricket, tennis, shooting, fishing, etc., while parks and beautiful gardens are in course of being laid out on the Estate.

You are under no obligation to build until you desire to do so.

YOU SECURE A PLOT FOR £1.

The South Coast Land and Resort Company, Ltd., of 4, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C. 1, which is developing Peacehaven, offer you the unique privilege of securing an option on a full-size plot of building land size 25 by 100 feet in depth at Peacehaven for £1. The greatest distance of any building plot in this offer is 1,000 yards from the Promenade and Sea Front. The total cost to you is £25, but if you inform our agent at Peacehaven that you are not satisfied the £1 deposit is returned to you. Free deeds and no legal charges.

You will agree that such a frank offer is evidence of a genuine desire on our part to be of the utmost assistance to you. So convinced are we that Peacehaven offers you a unique opportunity that we invite the fullest investigation of our proposition in the certain knowledge that you will find it all we claim it to be.

HOW TO REACH PEACEHAVEN via BRIGHTON.

Take tram from Brighton Station to Aquarium, thence Southdown motor-bus direct to Peacehaven Estate Office.

HOW TO REACH PEACEHAVEN via NEWHAVEN.

Southdown motor-bus from Newhaven Town direct to Peacehaven Estate Office—Distance 1½ miles.

Company's car meets 9.0, 9.45 and 11.55 trains from Victoria on arrival at Newhaven Town.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT PEACEHAVEN.

PROMENADE AND PARKS AT PEACEHAVEN.—A Promenade with an average width of 150 ft. is allowed for facing the sea. Park and Tennis Courts are provided for throughout the Estate.

PEACEHAVEN GOLF COURSE.—Peacehaven will have its own Golf Course. The Newhaven Golf Course adjoins Peacehaven to the East and the famous Seaford Course is within comparatively a short 'bus ride.

Peacehaven is now almost 1,200 acres in extent, and it has recently had Chatswood Park, with more than 100 acres of land on the adjoining Telescombe Cliff Estate added to it. An addition of more than 400 acres has been made on the North side, which is divided into Residential Sites, Poultry Farms, Small Holdings; of one quarter to five acres.

PLANNED ON MODEL LINES.—Peacehaven is being developed on model lines, with plenty of space and light—two essentials of good health. Provision has been made for a large Hydro or Hotel, Shops, a pleasant Park with Lake, Tennis Courts, etc., and the way to the Beach through the Cliffs is in the course of construction and will shortly be completed.

WATER.—There is an ample supply of water for all purposes from the Company's own Waterworks, and the water mains are laid through Peacehaven.

DRAINAGE AND SANITATION.—The excellent system of sanitation fulfils the local council requirements.

LIGHTING AND HEATING.—Both electric light and gas plants are being arranged for, and will be operated when developments warrant it being done.

RATES.—Only 5s. 4d. in the £.

BRICKS.—Bricks are being produced from our own brickworks on the Estate, and are supplied at actual cost—from 60s. to 70s. per 1,000.

SOIL.—The fertility of the soil at Peacehaven is wonderful; it is a rich, natural possession.

ACCESSIBILITY.—Motor-bus services run direct from Newhaven Town and the Brighton Aquarium. Development is likely to lead to the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway laying down the odd mile of line which would reduce the time below the 1½ hours now necessary to reach London. Fast Turbine Steamers twice daily leave Newhaven for Dieppe, the most comfortable Continental route.

RESIDENT AGENT & ARCHITECT

You are invited to visit Peacehaven, where at the Estate Office an Architect and Resident Agent are in attendance for the special purpose of escorting you over the Estate and supplying you with all the information you need. Light refreshments can be obtained at all times.

WRITE FOR THE PEACEHAVEN DESIGN AND PLAN BOOK.

A beautifully illustrated 100 page booklet, entitled "Economic Homes," containing 75 designs and plans of Bungalow type ideal homes, which can be built from £300 upwards anywhere, will be forwarded for 2s. 6d., post free.

Send for a copy of "The Peacehaven Post," a most interesting monthly journal giving all the latest Peacehaven news, and describing the wonderful development of this new and most alluring Garden City by the Sea. Annual Subscription, 4s. post free.

BY FILLING UP AND SENDING THE ATTACHED COUPON YOU CAN SECURE AN OPTION ON A PLOT FOR ONE MONTH, WHICH WILL GIVE YOU AMPLE TIME FOR INSPECTION.

FULLEST INFORMATION SENT FREE.

ORDER FORM FOR PLOTS.

To THE SOUTH COAST LAND & RESORT CO., LIMITED,
4, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.1.

DEAR SIRS,

Herewith I send remittance of £1 for an option on a building plot at Peacehaven. Please select for me the most desirable position available. I agree to inspect within one month, and if, after inspection, I decide not to purchase, and so inform your resident agent, it is to be understood that the £1 will be returned to me. I reserve the right to pay the balance by four equal quarterly payments, and to change the plot for any other available at time of inspection that I may prefer. It is to be understood that the total cost of the building plot, size 25 by 100 feet, is not to exceed £25, and that I am under no obligation to build until I desire to do so.

A.—Herewith I enclose £1 cash deposit for an option on a building plot at Peacehaven.

B.—Please forward me "ECONOMIC HOMES" booklet for which I enclose 2s. 6d.

C.—Send me full information about Peacehaven, post free.

D.—Send me Sept. issue of "The Peacehaven Post" price 2d., for which I enclose 2d. stamp.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

Strike out the items which do not interest you.

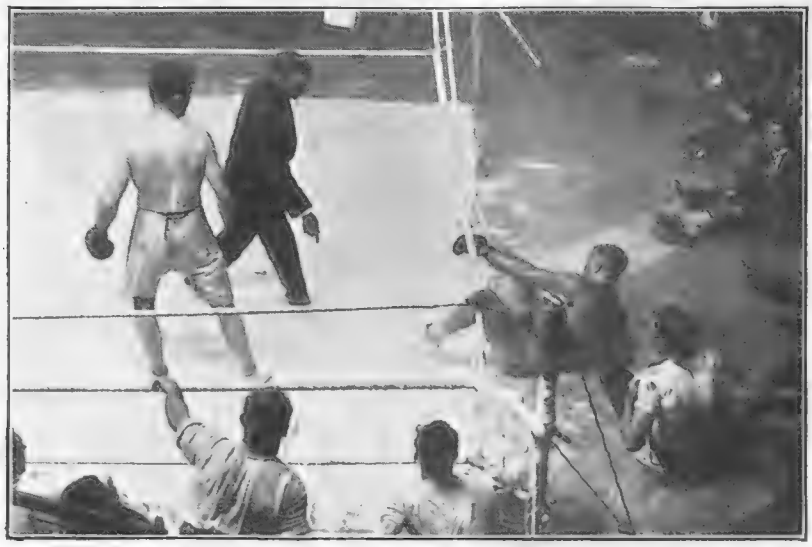
The Bystander, 21/9/21.

SOUTH COAST LAND AND RESORT COMPANY, LIMITED,
(Dept. B.), 4, VERNON PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

became known. Within less than half an hour of its announcement one of their number had stalked majestically up to the board upon which the list of members with their handicaps was posted, and had, with almost fiendish gusto, reduced to 18 every player on the list whose handicap exceeded that figure. Incidentally, I remember that I was one of the people whose handicaps were so reduced.

A Plea for the Duffer

THE curious thing about it was that no one raised any protest against this high-handed behaviour. We, no doubt, realised that one of our number had committed a crime of such a heinous nature that we must all swing for it. He had, in fact, made us extremely unpopular with the men in the club who really mattered, and we knew it intuitively. All this happened some time ago, but the same feeling evidently exists to-day. It exists also in lawn tennis, but it carries less weight, and lawn tennis handicappers will, no doubt, continue to give starts in excess of thirty in spite of the opinion, openly expressed by many, that if a man cannot win a handicap at an open tournament with thirty he has no business to win at all. One of the reasons for the extraordinary popularity of open tournament play is the encouragement which it gives to the duffer; and if the principle that the duffer should not be discouraged because he is a duffer is a sound one I think the duffer at golf deserves more encouragement than he at present gets.



McCORMICK SENDS BECKETT THROUGH THE ROPES

In the fifth round of their fight for the Heavyweight Championship of Great Britain at the Royal Opera House. The referee is considerately indicating to Beckett the position of the ring "for necessary action." Beckett won in the twelfth round, when McCormick's seconds threw a towel into the ring in token of defeat

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Age-Limit Again

IN last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER I contrasted the age-limit (nineteen) in the Junior Championships of lawn tennis for boys and girls with the sixteen years fixed for the newly instituted boy's championship of golf which was held concurrently with the lawn tennis competitions, and I expressed the opinion that an age limit of nineteen is too high. I pointed out that with such a limit the youngster, who is a youngster in the true sense of the term, and yet is possessed of

(*Continued on page 625*)

Bolsheviks spare Englishwoman's life in exchange for a Ciro Pearl Necklet.

The following letter is eloquent proof of the wonderful resemblance of

Ciro Pearls

to the real gems.

"I think you will be interested in the following adventure a string of your pearls underwent. A few months ago I escaped from Russia, but when near the border of Finland, I was stopped by a party of murderous Bolsheviks. They demanded money, but I was penniless—hidden in my hair, however, was a string of Ciro Pearls with a diamond clasp. I had kept it hidden because it was given to me by a dear friend, who became a victim of the Bolsheviks. I offered the necklace, but even then I was hauled before a Commissar and he enquired were the pearls of value. I replied 'of great value.' They examined them with greedy eyes and one yelled 'they have a beautiful lustre.' I was saved and but for that string of Ciro Pearls I would have been shot. My gratitude to your pearls you can guess."

ON receipt of this letter we invited the writer to choose a necklet to replace the one she had forfeited. We learnt from her, however, that she had already secured another, which she looked upon as her talisman. She added that we were at liberty to use her letter and she wou'd be delighted if its publication increased our sales. In conclusion, she stated —"My interrogators had been stealing jewels for a considerable time and I think that their being deceived is ample proof of the beauty of Ciro Pearls."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16in. long, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Jewel mounted with Ciro Pearls (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money. Other lengths at proportionate rates—Gold Clasp 2/6 extra.

Descriptive Booklet No. 7 containing illustrations of all Ciro Pearl Jewellery, sent post free.

For One Guinea you also may have a facsimile of a valuable real necklet.

CIRO PEARLS Ltd. (Dept. 7), 39, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. (Piccadilly End).

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor (over Lloyd's Bank).

Photographic Scene: A SALON AT MANFIELD'S

170, REGENT ST.

Like the visitors seen in the photograph, one may always spend a profitable hour at these salons, whether in purchasing, or merely viewing the latest things produced in footwear.

If accompanied by the children, or one's men-folk or friends, it is equally certain all will enjoy the visit, and carry away a feeling of satisfaction such has been before unknown.

Manfield's in Regent Street is the most-talked-of shoe store in two Continents. Nothing so large exists in the world. Not only normal needs, but all special requirements are anticipated in the enormous stock carried.

SAME PRICES AS AT OTHER MANFIELD BRANCHES.

Manfield
& SONS LTD

3925
Brown Satin, embroidered gold bead. Also white with silver, silver with steel, black with black, lemon with black **78/9**

R542
Black Brocade. Also green and gold, and old-rose and gold **65/9**

R464
In Suede of intense velvety black. Promenade **56/9**

R101
Black Glacé Kid, or Patent **46 9**
If in Navy Glacé or Nigger or Grey Suede **52/9**

R641
Oxydised silver tissue. Langtry. Also Old Gold **65/9**

LP648
Patent Leather or Brown Glacé **29/9**
If in Black Glacé **25/9**

LF885
Grey or Brown Deerskin **45/9**

LB761
Box Calf, New Brogue **39/9**
If in Brown Willow **45/9**

If unable to call, write to the Postal Department, enclosing remittance, giving number and size of foot. Remittance returned if goods not entirely satisfactory.

Manfield & Sons, Ltd.,
170, Regent St., London, W.1

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

considerable skill, is apt to be overborne, and consequently discouraged, by the sheer physical strength of his (or her) older rivals, and this, according to my view, defeats the main object of Junior Championships which is (or should be) to foster skill *in embryo*.

Young Girls and Old Hands

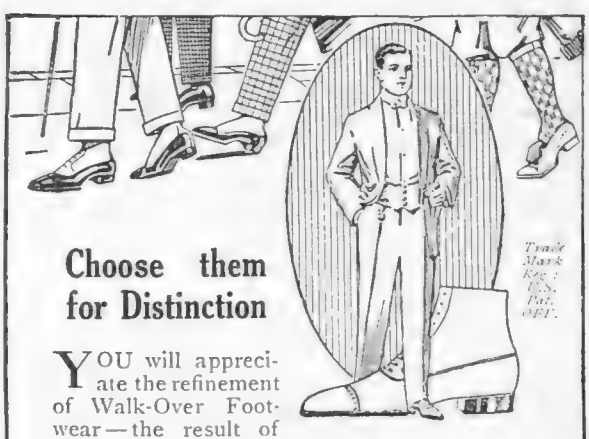
THE quartette of lawn tennis and golf competitions has since been completed by the holding, at Stoke Poges last week, of the girls' championship of golf, an event which has been established for some time. In it the age-limit used to be twenty-one. It has now been reduced to twenty, and the course of events, confirming the argument which I have outlined above, showed that it might with advantage have been put still lower. Some of the competitors at Stoke Poges last week were matured golfers who had taken part in County matches and open championships. It is not for such that girls' championships are needed, but rather for those promising young players who may be expected to reach their golfing maturity several years hence.

Strength *v.* Skill

THERE were four in last week's competition to whom this description applies. They were Miss Barbara Griffiths and Miss Nancy Griffiths (sisters of Miss Molly of that ilk), Miss Ruth Pharazyn and Miss Audrey Guthrie, the two youngest of the quartette being Miss Nancy Griffiths and Miss Pharazyn, both aged fourteen. The conquerors of the four were semi-finalists or finalists, and without any disparagement of their play it may safely be said that the advantage they possessed in years (and consequently in physical strength) helped them not a little, and also that the chief interest of the competition was focussed on the four little ladies who withstood them so gallantly. We know, of course, that in the language of everyday life boys cease to be boys long before girls cease to be girls, but, in spite of this, another thing that strikes one as anomalous is that the age limits for the boys' championship and that of the girls' should differ to the extent of four years. I have already expressed the view that the age limit for junior championships should be eighteen at the very highest. In the case of golf this would mean splitting the difference between the age-limits—sixteen for the boys and twenty for the girls—of the two competitions, and I believe that both in golf and lawn tennis it would be a good plan to put it even lower than that. H. S. S.

Photograph] NOT OUT! *[Central News*

An incident in the last big match of the season between the Champion County (Middlesex) and the Rest of England at the Oval last week. J. W. H. T. Douglas (Rest) has had his wicket hit by a ball from Hearne, and the bails and ball are seen still in the air; but Douglas is not out because the ball happens to be a no-ball



Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Choose them for Distinction

YOU will appreciate the refinement of Walk-Over Footwear—the result of careful adoption of styles, and of skilled workmanship with high-grade material. The Prices of all grades of Walk-Over Boots and Shoes have again recently been reduced in all of our branches whilst the high standard of quality and workmanship remains the same—the best possible.

Special attention given to Orders received by Post.

Walk-Over
BOOTS & SHOES

WALK-OVER SHOE CO. GEORGE E. KEITH, British Stores, Ltd.
Head Office: 372, Oxford St., London, W. 1.
Branches:—London—227, Oxford St., W.1.—139-140, Cheapside, E.C. 2—80, Strand, W.C. 2.—30, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.—15, Brompton Road, S.W.1.—135, Regent St., W. 1.
Manchester—Liverpool—Leeds—Birmingham (2 shops)—Newcastle-on-Tyne—Glasgow—Edinburgh—Belfast—Cambridge—Brighton—Cardiff—Paris (2 shops)—Lyons—The Hague—Brussels

Harrods
Feather Toques

Distinguished not only by their style-correctness, and their modish hues, these charming Toques are also notable for their fine Quality and supremely attractive Value. Come and see the entire delightful Display!

Artificial Flower Salon, Ground Floor.

CHARMING FEATHER TOQUE (A.F. 37), with tufts of Heron round the crown. In tan, royal, jade, grey or black. 49/6

FEATHER TOQUE (A.F. 38), close fitting, with small wings round the crown in contrasting shades. In shades of navy, cherry, brown, emerald, tan, or in black. 39/6

HARRODS LTD BROMPTON RD LONDON SW1

Her Choice.

CLOTHES for MEN of GOOD TASTE. LOUNGE SUITS FROM 6½ GUINEAS

HECTOR POWE

138, Fenchurch St. E.C. 156-7, Fleet St. E.C.
123, Cannon St. E.C. 50, Bishopsgate, E.C.
6, Queen Victoria St. E.C.

An Apology—

I little thought when asking for explanations of my Poster that I should receive so many letters from interested people, and I find it impossible to reply to them all individually but I thank those who have written.

After reading through the correspondence it is obvious that those who cannot find the explanation of my poster are among the unfortunate few.

My respect for the intelligence of the public has consequently been restored and I apologise for having doubted it.

The following is extracted from a letter received by me, and is typical of the interest taken in the small controversy arising out of my poster.

* * * * * *

" The lady had two Beaux to start with
(Pity her agitated mind)
Which should she choose, which should she part with ?
To which be cruel to be kind ?
At last an inspiration met her
Where did her lovers buy their clothes ?
He surely must be much the better
Whose coats were cut at Hector Powe's."

* * * * * *

It is a recognised fact that the majority of the *better dressed* men are clients of

HECTOR POWE

THE ORIGINATOR OF

THE CUT

Registered Trade Mark

Watson's Agency

Sentimental Values

THE value of an Oriental Necklace costing say, £5000 or more is largely sentimental.

The price of £5000 pays both for the pearls and for the privilege of an Oriental origin.

A Técla Necklace, costing from £5 to £50, while not Oriental in origin, is such a perfect counterpart of an Oriental Necklace in appearance, that its origin appears to be Oriental !

The chief difference is, that one comes from the East and is prohibitive in price—the other comes from Paris and is within your means.

Técla

(The London Tecla Gem Co Ltd)

7 Old Bond Street, London

10 Rue de la Paix, Paris

398 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

It is some time since that excellent novelist, A. S. M. Hutchinson, appeared in the lists. There is, of course, the best possible reason for his long silence. There was something else to do—at any rate, for four years. But he need have no fear lest his work be forgotten, and anyone making his acquaintance for the first time by reading his new book, *If Winter Comes* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), will realise speedily enough that here is a writer with a gracious charm and a delicate power of his own. *If Winter Comes* is a truly delightful book. It tells the story of one Mark Sabre and his wife. He is an unusual sort of man; she is a usual sort of woman. They ought never to have married. Mark, in many ways, is a grown-up child; Mabel thinks that everything which her friends or neighbours don't happen to do or think or say must be "funny." You can imagine what their married life is like.

MR. GUY NEWALL

Managing Director of George Clark Productions, Ltd., and producer of many excellent films, including "The Bigamist," "The Persistent Lovers," etc.

And yet Mark, who is a splendid chap, does do his best. He is always trying to do his best. But when Nona, Lady Tybar, comes back to his neighbourhood things become difficult. Nona is the woman whom he ought to have married. A big decision is about to be taken when the War comes, but the War can do no more than postpone the explosion. When this explosion does come Mr. Hutchinson shows himself in a new vein. Mark has fought and suffered. He can barely move on his crutches. His wife has hardly been touched by the War. Things are still either correct or "funny." Mark, good fellow that he is, befriends a girl who has had a baby. There is a tragedy, and the amazed man is within an inch of being tried for murder. And then there follow the most poignant scenes. . . . Somehow you don't expect these scenes, but when they come you accept them and read on enormously thrilled. The book is a splendid entertainment. Mabel is painted in with extraordinary care. Mark's business acquaintances stand out wonderfully well. In fact, Mr. Hutchinson may be congratulated upon a triumphal piece of work, which should satisfy the wants of all sorts of readers.

I suppose Miss Victoria Cross wishes her new book, *Over Life's Edge* (Laurie: 7*s.* 6*d* net.), to be taken seriously. It is a gloriously absurd piece of work. The hero is Dudley Grant, a handsome painter who has fought and, naturally, won the V.C., the D.S.O., the M.C., and all sorts of bars. The heroine is a world-famous novelist, much misunderstood, who, on the death of her mother, decides that she has finished with life. Her death is announced, but the hero, after marrying another woman, finds her in

(*Continued on page 630*)

Maison Lyons Chocolates

make an irresistible appeal to the lover of a fine sweetmeat. Try just a half-pound box, and compare the smooth coverings and delicately flavoured centres (hard or soft—in a hundred varieties to suit your taste) and you will understand the reason why they achieved instantaneous popularity. With those who know, Maison Lyons Chocolates are first choice. Sold in the Salons at the Maison Lyons, Corner Houses and Lyons' Teashops.

¶ *A NOTE.* When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert, which results in a menage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

J. LYONS & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.

BABER'S HEEL-TO-BALL FITTING HAS WON UNANIMOUS PRAISE FROM PRESS & PUBLIC.

DAILY CHRONICLE (May 13th).—"This new system is likely to revolutionise ordinary methods of measuring shoes, as it ensures wearer's comfort in new shoes when first worn."

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE (May 12th).—"In applying the Baber principle the foot is measured only from the back of the heel to the ball of the foot. The size of the foot being thus determined the frontal shape of the boot or shoe, whether pointed, rounded, or balled, is a matter for the wearer's particular fancy."

SUNDAY EXPRESS (March 20th).—"The correct way to determine the necessary size of a shoe is to measure the distance from the heel to the ball of the foot. That important point once decided, the style of toe is merely a matter for personal taste, and does not in any way depend on the foot measurement. The arch of the foot must have adequate support."

TRUTH (Sept. 14).—"A properly fitting shoe is something that everybody needs. Babers Ltd., can supply it."

DAILY MIRROR (July 18th).—"The shoe, from heel to ball, should be the exact length of the foot, thus giving the toes plenty of space, and it should grip on either side of the instep and heel instead of at the toes, which usually results in heel holes and blisters." A shoe built on these lines, it is contended, never loses shape, and is as comfortable to wear on the first day as on the last.

BYSTANDER (Sept. 14th).—". . . I have not said one-half there is to say on Baber footgear, but it is open to everyone to go and judge for themselves the value of this great discovery, a further inducement being the exceeding moderation of the prices."

Illustration of Shoe fitted INCORRECTLY

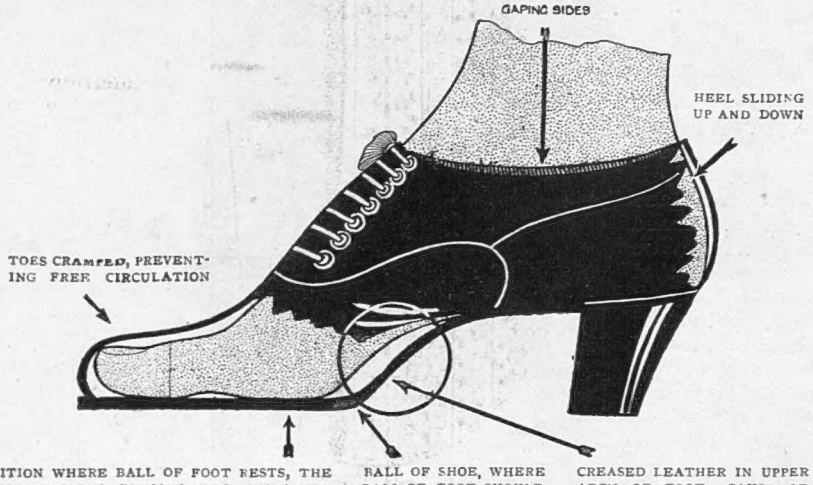
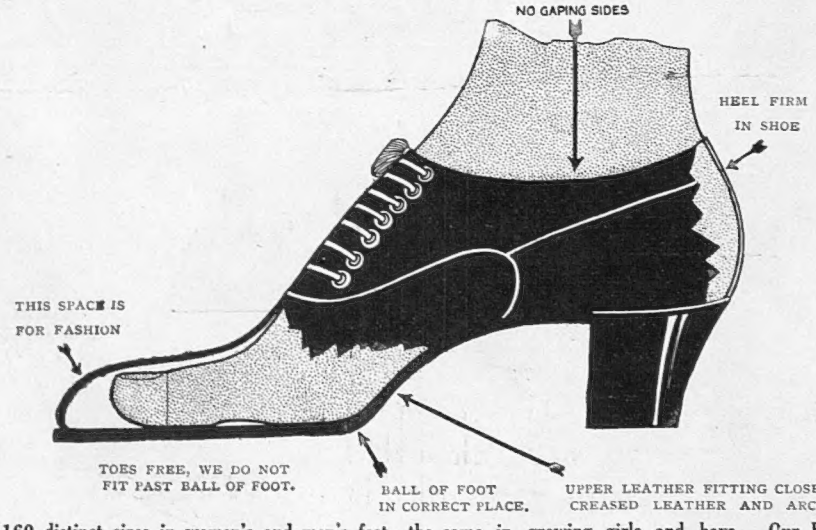


Illustration of correct fitting Shoe fitted by BABER'S Heel-to-Ball Method—The only correct way



There are at least 160 distinct sizes in women's and men's feet, the same in growing girls and boys. Our Heel-to-Ball system of fitting enables us to guarantee a fit for every normal foot. FREE ADVICE gladly given to any one suffering from foot trouble.

Babers Ltd.

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THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

a cave near Torquay living the simple life—dressed in feathers and eating mussels and uncooked eggs. There are some dreadfully wicked doctors—all doctors, I am afraid, are vicious demons to this quaint authoress—and the worst one of all is saved, temporarily, at any rate, from drowning by the heroine. Fortunately, however, the same foul medical fiend had previously performed a "successful" operation on Mrs. Grant—she conveniently died—and so the happy V.C. and his feathered lady decide to live happily ever afterwards. But this will not do for Miss Cross. A storm happens along and kills them both. Lord, what a book!

❀ ❀

THE *prima donna* who achieves world-wide fame sees life from a rare angle, and she is lucky if she remains her true self. World-adulation must be a difficult business to contend against. Madam Tetrazzini, in *My Life of Song* (Cassell: 21*s.* net), shows more or less how it is done. She is very frank and outspoken and womanly. When she astounded London only a few years ago we were ignorant of the fact that Europe and South America had already discovered her, but that did not matter. We are not a musical nation, but London's acclamation is a necessity. And so Tetrazzini came and saw and conquered, as she had conquered critical Florence at sixteen. (The story of that conquest, by the way, reads like a cinema-romance.) Her book is a straightforward account of success after success. Here you have the ludicrous story of the wild Mexican lover who pursued, and of the wild Hammerstein who did likewise—in the law courts. You see that success brings troubles in its train, and that big bits of the millions which an unique voice can earn for its possessor have an unfortunate habit of melting away in the most unexpected manner. Madam Tetrazzini's book is interesting throughout, and one looks forward to the larger autobiography which is foreshadowed in one of her chapters.

THE LATE CLAUD LOVAT FRASER
Who illustrated and supervised the new edition of "The Beggar's Opera," published by William Heinemann

❀ ❀

MR. EVAN MORGAN'S first novel, *Trial by Ordeal* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a difficult book to criticise. It has glaring faults of technique, and its story is not particularly interesting. But there are passages which arrest your attention, and there are vignettes of people, like the one of old Bodders at Oxford, which are extremely well done. But the account of the famous Mr. Tancred's affairs with the ladies is rather uncouth. When a party of apparently very fashionable folk unexpectedly demand a week-end's hospitality in his country house, the would-be hermit does his best to play host, and seems to be caught up in a new sort of web. He comes out of his shell, only to be dogged by the lady who in the past had driven him from his fellows. Complications ensue, and Mr. Tancred's affairs do not prosper. *Trial By Ordeal* is a very queer book. You might read it, perhaps, to see whether it amuses you or not. R. S.

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The vine stems and brilliantly coloured birds and foliage, characteristic of 17th century handwork, have been heavily woven on a ground of rich ecru tone, which gives the effect of genuine old needlework.

For antique furnishings and old rooms this design is very suitable.

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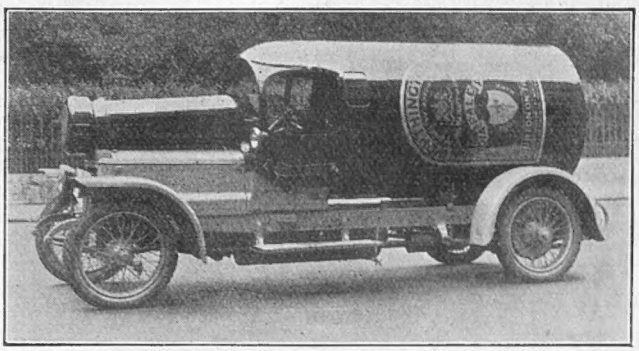
MOTOR NOTES

CAR prices are still being lowered—praise to goodness, say we poor motorists who want to scrape up enough to buy our first post-War car. But this dropping of values is playing the deuce with those of us who put our gratuity in "four wheels and a puff-puff." Those who paid between £500 and £600 for their small two-seater are to-day finding that the latest new model can be bought from £100 to £200 less, so what chance have they of getting any price at all worth having for their old bus, although it may be in splendid running order and condition? Then, again, the trade has properly done in the private owner by announcing its 1922 car programme this month, if you please, instead of waiting until Olympia is in full swing, so that those who think they "know a bit" cannot hope to pass on their present old cars with a small financial loss to newcomers to the pastime. I wonder if this is the revenge of the professional on the amateur dealers, the latter of whom skimmed the cream of the market in 1919-1920? Yes, I still wonder.

* * *

MICHELIN have produced a new steel-studded cord tyre, which they call the Cablé. So close are the steel studs, this firm reckon they practically armour the tyre from punctures. As the fashion seems to be reverting to old practice with modern improvements, I should like to remind all the "cord" tyre people that these so-called *new* cords seem to me but a revival of the old Palmer cycle tyre fabric that I used to push up the hills daily to and from town—no, I won't say how many years ago. But it is a jolly long time way back. Anyway, steel studs are not dead, as some thought, and the wet weather in country lanes will remind motorists how useful they are on greasy roads of the chalk or clay type of our old friend McAdam.



SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT
The well-known Worthington bottle mounted on a Daimler chassis

* * *

THOUGH the Junior Car Club have been successful in obtaining fifty one cars to be entered for the 200-miles race at Brooklands on October 22, I doubt if this long race of two and a half hours or so will attract much of a gate. The general public who go to Brooklands like to bet, and bet often, so that the short races of five or ten minutes pleases them better than one long drawn-out event. At the same time, the makers of the cycle-cars and light cars under 1,500 c.c. have well supported the race, so the trade will be there in full force in order to get a hint as to which make is the best selling proposition, speed and price duly allowed for in making their decision. If a regular racing model wins the market for these are very restricted, so that it will be better business if a standard model pulls it off or makes a good show, as speed without comfort is no good to the general user. I am rather sorry the new "oil-cooled" 9 h.p. Belsize and the "air-cooled" Rover have not entered, as one would have liked to have seen which of these two rivals in the coming season would have stood up best in this gruelling test of speed and endurance.

OLD HY.

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Earl of Rocksavage writes of his Post-War Rolls-Royce:

12, Kensington Gardens, W.8.
April 6th, 1921.

"I have owned and driven four Rolls-Royce cars during the last eight years. **I am convinced that the 1920 Rolls-Royce is unsurpassed for acceleration, springing and smooth running. No car is as reliable; no car gives such silent running** at speeds from 40 to 70 m.p.h.; **no car can stand up to bad continental roads as well as a Rolls-Royce.** The flexibility of the engine makes it a **perfect 'run-about'** for short distances, and the self-starter has never missed functioning. I am convinced that **no other makers have succeeded in turning out a car as perfect** in workmanship, durability and excellence as the Rolls-Royce."

Rocksavage

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